Vol. CXXVII. No. 1668.

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[THE BYSTANDER, SEPTEMBER 25, 1935.

The BYSTANDER

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The Bystander, September 25, 1935

The BYSTANDER

No. 1658. Vol. CXXVII.

Merle Oberon in "The Dark Angel"

Merle Oberon, de-Orientalised as to looks, has big acting opportunities in her new film, and she takes them with both hands. She plays the English girl who lives in the country, hunts, falls in love. Fredric March, as the man she loves, does what Ronald Colman did in the silent version: he goes to the war, is blinded, comes back, and finally they get together for a happy ending. Herbert Marshall is in it, too, with a good part as the would-be-lover of the one and the friend of the other. "The Dark Angel," which was directed by Sidney Franklin (he was responsible for one or two of Eddie Cantor's films), starts its run at the Leicester Square Theatre to-morrow night. Merle Oberon and Fredric March are both in England just now, but only on holiday. Merle Oberon goes back to Hollywood in October to start work on a film of "The Children's Hour," the New York stage success. And after that she's coming back to work for Korda again

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 121

Cole Porter

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

WHAT Fred Astaire ought to look like, as Adèle's brother, the author of *Anything Goes* does look like. It sounds involved, but there you are. Cole Porter has a turned-up nose, merry eyes, and tremendous vivacity. Another person he resembles in a way is Eddie Cantor. Born in Indiana of well-to-do parents, he began life by writing songs with another rich boy who has since entered the priesthood. They were at Yale or Harvard together (I forget which), and Cole wrote the music.

Later, when he turned professional, his lyrics were thought better than his music, and he soon became a vogue, though the first full-length show for which he was responsible was a flop. We next find him in the American Expeditionary Force, and everyone who got Paris leave was humming his songs. It was here that C. B. Cochran first met him, and later bought some lyrics for which Melville Gideon wrote the music. You may remember "A Little Flat in Washington Square." It was his first big hit.

LONDON then heard Nellie Taylor singing his "Blue Boy" in *Mayfair and Montmartre*, after which came *Wake Up and Dream* and *Nymph Errant*. Meantime, he had done a lot of work on the other side of the Atlantic. But nothing has ever approached *Anything Goes*, and now comes *Jubilee*—in New York. For not only have his lyrics improved instead of declining; his music, which used to be clever and tinny, is now really melodious and very whistle-able. To-day, indeed, he may be taken as the representative composer of the United States, and ought to write a representative American opera, George Gershwin having fallen notably between the two stools of symphony and musical comedy, and Irving Berlin having specialised in sob ballads.

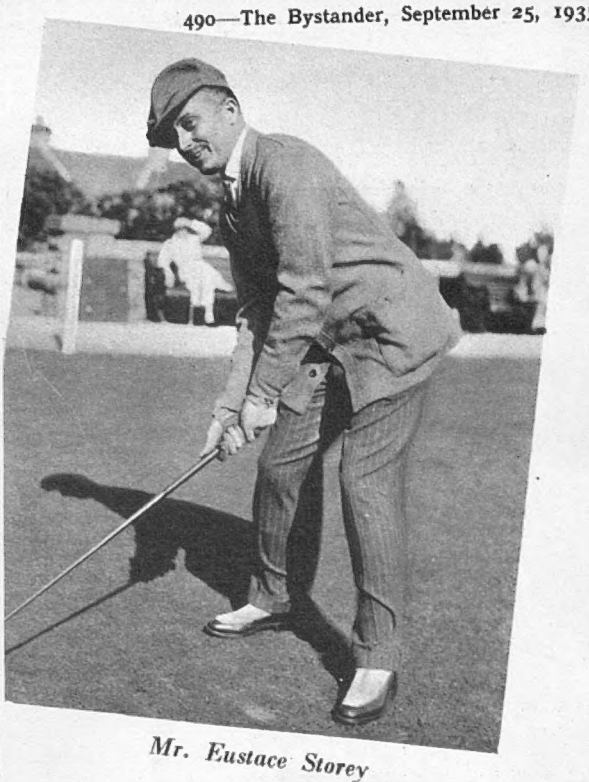
To-day Cole is really in the money, and how he enjoys it! It is his supreme quality—schoolboy enjoyment of everything. He was the first to have a speed-boat on the Grand Canal at Venice. He has a permanent personal private table at Bricktops, in Paris. And, having just been round the world, is back in his millionaire's suite in the Waldorf-Astoria Tower surrounded by rose-bowls and cocktail-shakers. Yet, though he has a lovely house in Paris as well, you can be perfectly sure that he will be saying with absolute sincerity: "I 'd give anything right now to be in the Midland at Manchester with a new show." Not that he is restless. Simply this merry little man with his engaging stammer enjoys everything from old ale to absinthe, and never does a thing for a second longer than he wants to. And even then, miracles of miracles, he is quite unspoilt, and is married to one of the most beautiful women in America.

Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House

LADY PAMELA SMITH IS ENGAGED

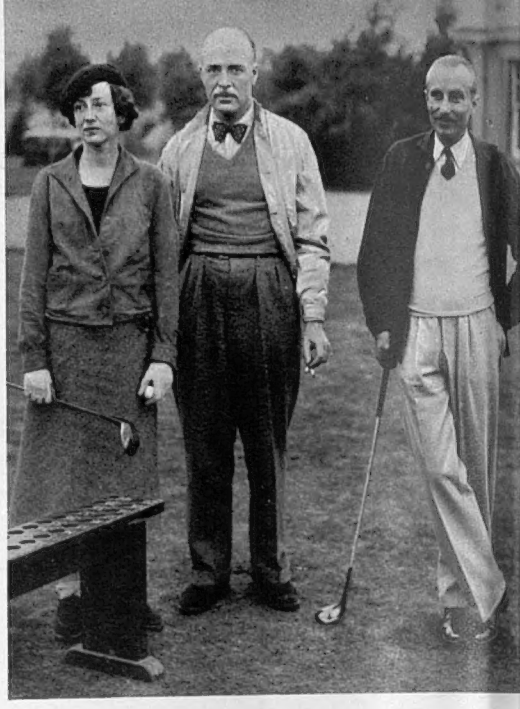
Lady Pamela Smith's engagement to Mr. Michael Berry was announced last Friday, and makes the second friendship-into-marriage event between their two families. Lady Pamela Smith is the Earl of Birkenhead's younger sister, twenty-one this year, and very attractive with her enormous dark eyes, beautifully-shaped face, and serious expression. Michael Berry is the second of Lord and Lady Camrose's four sons, and three years older than his fiancée. His sister, Sheila, married Lord Birkenhead just before the Jubilee, with Lady Pamela Smith as one of her bridesmaids. The Berry-Smith wedding is likely to be early in the New Year

Sir John FitzGerald



Mr. Eustace Storey

These two played together in a golf competition at Gleneagles during the gales of ten days ago. The Knight of Kerry wore his famous fisherman's jersey to keep the wind out; it always goes around with him—to Sils Maria or Le Touquet or wherever his wanderings take him. Eustace Storey's wife was at Gleneagles with him; they have also been seen on the North Berwick links



Comte and Comtesse de Pomereu and Prince Pierre de Monaco have been giving Perthshire a cosmopolitan turn and playing their regular rounds of golf

The Scottish Season

Golfing Days at the Gleneagles Hotel—

The Hon. Mrs. Ian Napier was dressed to play round in the rain. She is the sister of Brian Lewis, the racing motorist, and Lord Essenden's only daughter

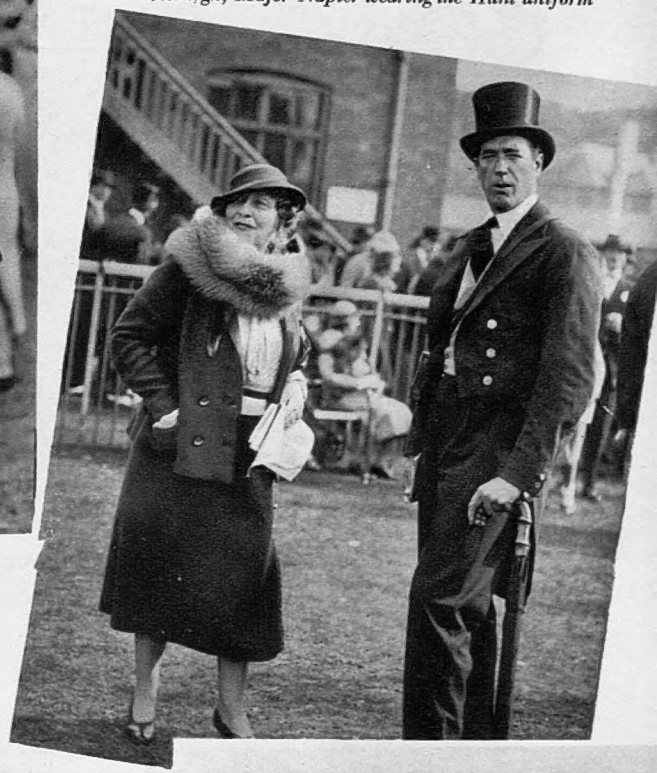
Below: Major and Mrs. Pat Anderson were just getting set for the road, in the direction of the far North. Mrs. Anderson is Sir Robert Abdy's sister, and always a very good dresser; that particular tweed suit was what the undying check has got to this autumn, and dark mustard as to colour

Miss Angela Todd is with Mr. Erland d'Abo, who is a first cousin of Philip Kindersley. She was ending up her Scottish season at Gleneagles Hotel before facing southwards

Mrs. Richard Agnew was at the Western Meeting at Ayr. Her husband is in the 15th-19th Hussars, of which regiment her father, Brig.-Gen. Anthony Courage, is the Colonel

Lady Prudence Jellicoe, the Jellicoes' youngest daughter, stayed with her uncle and aunt, Sir Herbert and Lady Cayzer, at Lanfine, for the Ayr Meeting

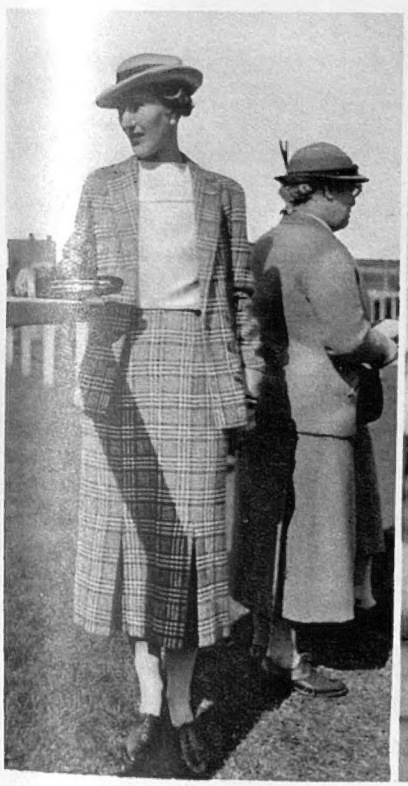
Below are Lady Duncan Hay and Major Napier at the Royal Caledonian Hunt Meeting at Musselburgh, Major Napier wearing the Hunt uniform



Fills All September

Racing at Musselburgh and Ayr

Right: Miss Janet Jardine and Mrs. Jack Watherstone are General Jardine's daughters. One is engaged to W. Clayton Browne, of the 12th Lancers, and the other married the Scottish Rugger international this summer



Miss Marion Burrell is Sir William and Lady Burrell's only child; her home is Hutton Castle, in Berwickshire. She had one of the best tweed suits at Musselburgh

Lady Isobel Manners and Miss Lulu Esmond did the Musselburgh meeting together, and came over from North Berwick for it. This was on the second day, which was cool and windy

Right: Mrs. Harold Taylor had her debutante sister with her—Anne Louise Neild—for the Western Meeting at Ayr. They came all the way from the Gleneagles Hotel

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

A Famous Diamond

IT is grand to have our most glamorous (overworked word!) film star home from Hollywood for a short holiday. Merle Oberon deserves every atom of her success and her popularity, and remains completely unspoilt and unaffected, although her meteoric career has been enough to whirl any girl off her feet.

AT the time of her engagement to Mr. Joe Schenck, when she had just received her famous diamond engagement ring, we happened to be staying in the same house in the Isle of Wight, a small holiday cottage, and everyone trembled at the thought of hordes of burglars after the enormous uninsured diamond that all the papers were shouting about. When she broke off her engagement, Merle Oberon returned the ring, which was re-sold, and now adorns Lady Ashley's lovely hand.

Merle Oberon has a house on the beach at Santa Monica, and gave what they call a Bar-B-Cue party the night before she left. From what we could gather, it seems to be an evening picnic with food cooked out of doors. Eddie Goulding, Frank Lawton, Evelyn Laye, Herbert Marshall, and Cecily Courtneidge were some of our home-grown stars that attended this farewell feast.

Appropriately Star-Spangled

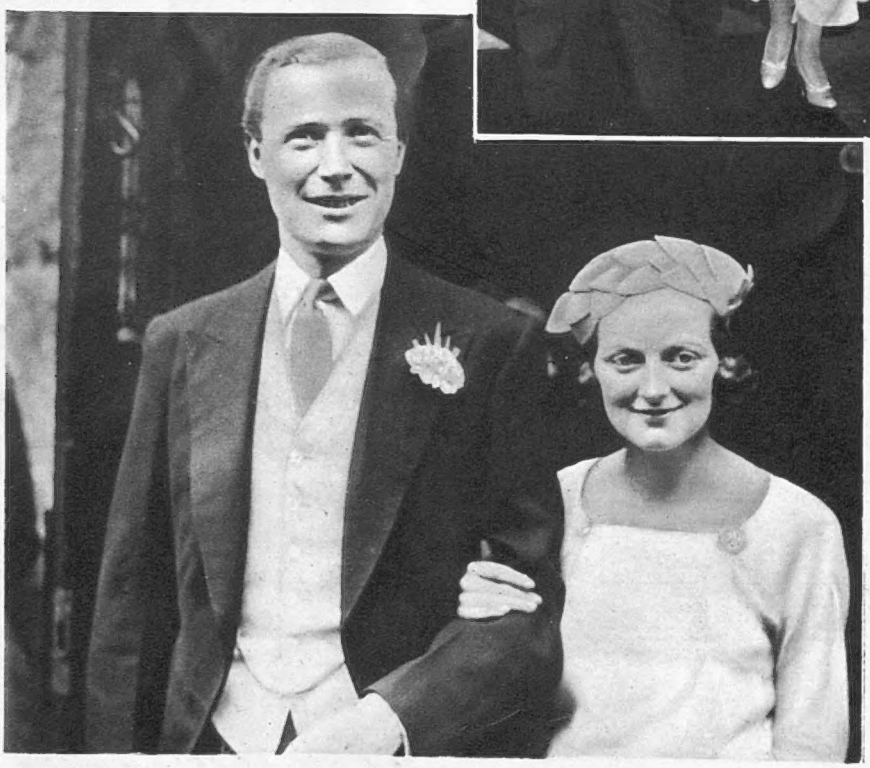
SHOPPING with the stars was a new experience for us last week. We saw an aquamarine chiffon, appropriately star-spangled, that Merle Oberon will wear at the première of *The Dark Angel* to-night, and a suit of heather-coloured tweed that she is taking up to Scotland for the week-end.

Fay Wray and Fredric March's charming wife were out model buying, too, the latter interested in tweeds for a motor-tour in Devon and Cornwall. It is good news that Fay Wray will probably be here for some time, as she may make a film with Jack Buchanan, and has esconced herself in a flat in Grosvenor Square.

After that we went hat buying in Davies Street, and found Miss Virginia Barnato, ex-deb and millionaire's daughter, showing the hats for fun or for once. She is a very attractive girl, with laughing grey eyes, very white teeth, and her father's nose.

"Les Gi

Right: the Earl of Rosse and Mrs. Anne Armstrong-Jones were married last Thursday at St. Ethelburga the Virgin, Bishopsgate. She is the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Leonard Messel, and sister of Oliver Messel. He is twenty-nine, owns Birr Castle in Ireland, and is a brother of Lady Bridget Parsons



Mr. Duncan Sandys, M.P., and Mrs. Diana Bailey

Americans—not Twins

UNTIL we spent a week-end recently in the vicinity, we had no idea of the real attractiveness of Wentworth. When our proverbial ship comes home, we are going to buy a shack there at once. It all depends, of course, whether you insist on far-away country with no house or village within ten miles, or don't mind someone near enough to play with occasionally.

Wentworth seemed to us so unlike a suburb, yet there are certainly few wide-open spaces. We went to call on Mrs. Gerry Walker, who has a charming little house in a wood, and two small sons. When we asked them if they were twins, they answered in one voice, "No, Americans."

Miss Mala Brand took a comic cottage down there this summer. It consists of several rooms perched on top of a

Left: Duncan Sandys, who is the Member for Norwood, and Mrs. Diana Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill's eldest daughter, were also married last week at St. Ethelburga the Virgin, Bishopsgate

There was an incredible number of people at the Dorchester last Thursday to see the Midnight Follies again—the restaurant was full and so was about half the huge ballroom, and the only people who had room to dance were "Les Girls" on their raised stage. Below are three of the hundreds (or was it thousands?) who went there for supper—Fanny Ward, Lady Ashley, and Douglas Fairbanks, Senior

Are Back Again at the Dorchester, and What a Crowd was There for Their Opening Night . . .

large garage. A narrow balcony all round the house, and a very high wind, almost convinced us that we were out at sea.

Off to the States

SYLVIA LADY POULETT and her daughter, the Lady Bridget, are soon off for a long visit to the States. We hear that they intend visiting California, and all the usual places of interest to English globe-trotters, and will be away three or four months.

Another prospective absentee, who would be much missed around London, is pretty Beryl Mills, who, having done a couple of days crowd work in a film here, has had an offer to go to Hollywood. She has large "marron-glacé" eyes, very good features, and an impeccable dress sense, and looked quite lovely at a recent first night, with a tight, curly coiffeur and a startling dress with a bustle.

You Couldn't Say "No"

HAVING little or no time for cocktail parties in our busy lives, we enjoyed an "Orange Blossom" and an olive enormously at Dennis Bradley's the other evening. We said "Hullo" to more people in a quarter of an hour than we believed possible, and had to nod "Yes," to a shouted invitation, because there was not room to shake our head sideways, meaning "No."

Mr. Bradley produces more pretty girls at these six o'clock galas than even Mr. Cochran or Mr. Clifford Whitley would attempt. Miss Jasmine Bligh, who is Lord Darnley's niece, Miss Adele Dixon, who is in *Anything Goes*, and who, both on and off the stage, is one of the best-dressed young women in London, lovely Micki Hood, most photographed ditto, Miss Diana Mills, Miss Wynn—who bears a striking resemblance to Elissa Landi—to mention only a few of those who were keeping up the usual standard.

We were intrigued by Miss Wynn's belt buckle, which she had picked up in Austria. A round silver disc with a clock-face and movable hands, which she keeps set to the time of her next appointment!

Incongruous Clothes

FRISCO'S, which is our idea of nigger heaven, is well on the map again, and the Hon. David Herbert—who, we consider, made the place—has reappeared from his Continental wanderings. We shall be accused of fickleness, of course, but he has forgotten more about dancing than most other young men will ever know.

The mixture of clothes at this joint makes it more amusing—tails, dinner-jackets, and flannels are all perfectly happy together. The last time we looked in, there was a large party in ultra-grand evening dress, Miss Betty Homan in a black day dress, and Mrs. Prior Palmer in grey flannel.

It 's still the off-season as far as clothes are concerned, people following their own inclinations rather than any set rule. At Quaglino's the other day, Mrs. Simon Brand and her daughter were lunching together, Mrs. Brand complete Rue de la Paix, her daughter hatless and dressed for the moors.

Mrs. Kellett was there that day, so chic and attractive, and Miss Jane Falcke, dressed all in black, was with the not-quite-so-slender Marquess.

That Pompous Staircase

WHAT an asset a balcony is in a restaurant. At the Café de Paris it 's almost more fun to be up above than on the floor. Your dressed-up friends can pop up and call on you, though you can't descend that pompous staircase yourself in your day clothes.

It is amusing watching the way people do descend those stairs. You will see

Sir John and Lady Reith

The Director-General of the B.B.C. and his wife went to see the new P. and O. liner, Strathmore, in the London docks, where she was between finishing her trials and making her first trip East

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

an elegant young woman walk down with an unconsciously self-confident air, knowing that her ermine coat is perfection, her earrings are real, and that all the women want her dress. Then a boisterous, good-humoured lady comes roaring down, shakes hands with the band, and waves to everyone. Other people creep down, clinging to the railings, terribly afraid and self-conscious. A small woman of the last type, wearing an enormous brown fur coat filled us with pity the other night. You felt that the coat had got *her*, instead of the other way round (and got her down, too!)

The Café is on Top

It is funny to see Mr. Douglas Byng arrive as a private person, when you think of some of his monstrous appearances, in pink stays, glittering tights, false fronts, and pince-nez! He was there the other night with Mary Brian, the lovely star of *Stop . . . Go!*, and they joined a big theatrical party, which included Dorothy Dickson, in a lovely shade of green, with white fox sleeves, and little Irish March, in black, with a pink rose on top of her head. Elisabeth Welch, has, as we predicted she would, put the Café "on top" again.

Another big party that night contained Mrs. Dupont and her fiancé, Leonard Govett, Hamar Bagnall, pretty Miss Evva Lewis, Michael Crichton, and Nan McGowan, who would get one-hundred-per-cent. for looks, charm, and dancing in that embarrassing "truth" game that always upsets someone. We have seen a woman, who is supposed to have a sense of humour, be given ninety-per-cent. for everything, and only five for sex appeal, go to bed in tears.

Miss Rothschild was "upstairs" that night, too. She is a beautiful ball-room dancer, and usually wears a red scarf or knotted handkerchief round her neck with ultra-simple dark clothes.

A Delicious Sense of Humour

Mrs. Betty Fielden, whose engagement to Mr. Charles Mills has just been announced, is a beautiful woman, whose serious and Madonna-like looks belie a delicious sense of humour. She was previously married to Captain Jack Fielden, of Grimston Park, Yorkshire, and when scarcely "out," was secretly and romantically married to Colonel Minchin, who lost his life in an attempt to fly the Atlantic.

Mrs. Fielden's family, the Selby-Lowndes, are co-heirs to the title of Duke of Clarendon. She has recently been staying with the Edward Comptons in the Isle of Mull, and the wedding will take place almost immediately. Mr. Charles Mills is the lucky young man who inherited a considerable fortune from his uncle, Mr. Henry Mills, in addition to three attractive country estates and a large piece of Hatton Gardens.

Everyone a Star

"Les Girls," sunburnt and for the most part blonder than ever, returned for the opening of the Dorchester on Thursday night. The policy of the management is obviously to put up such a good show that Mr. Ernest Brown, the Minister of Labour, who has promised to look them over personally, will be able to persuade himself that each individual member of "Les Girls" is a star, and as such, eligible under the "indispensability" clause, to continue working in this country.

As you all know, their present respite lasts only until Christmas.

She Tears Your Heart-Strings

There is certainly one of them whose "indispensability" cannot be questioned. We refer to Diana Ward, who sings Mr. Coward's song, "Don't Put Your Daughter on the Stage, Mrs. Worthington." She also sings "Solitude," and is a great artist, able to tear your heart-strings one minute, and put over comedy and rough stuff the next.

All the faithful adherents and "Old Dorchesterians" wearing the old (white) ties, were there, headed by Lord and Lady Milford Haven, the Simon Marks, Mr. Robin Wilson, and Miss Virginia Cherrill, who, being American, probably saw most of "Les Girls" before we did.

"A Special Treat"

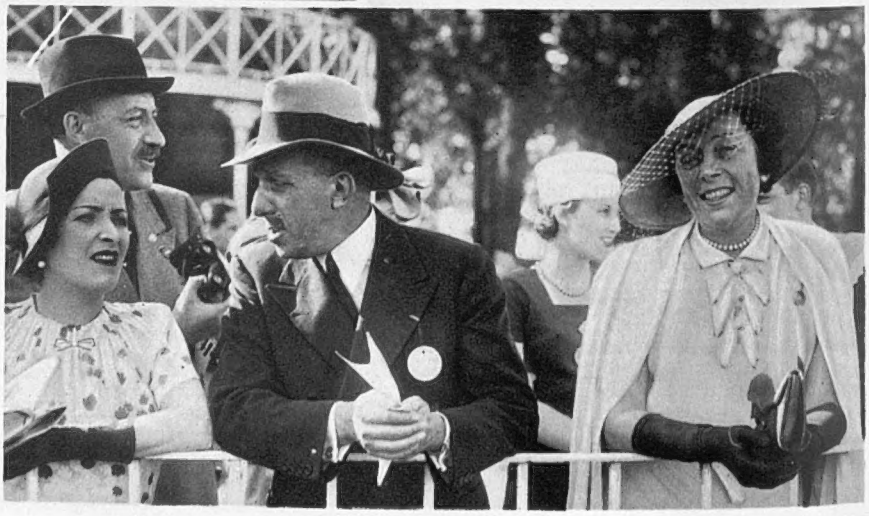
Merle Oberon and young Mr. Fairbanks dancing together, gave the film fans a "special treat." His father arrived in a party with Miss Fanny Ward, Lady Plunket and Lady Ashley and Mr. Alfredo Campagna. Lords Castlerosse and Donegall were there to give "Les Girls" a hand, and crowds and crowds and crowds of people, too many to mention or try to remember, thank heaven, for we must go to bed.

MISS PEEPS

The Grande Semaine at Baden Baden

Right: Mrs. Betty Fielden and Mr. Charles Mills (who are being married on October 1st) are talking to Mrs. Julie Thompson. They are back in London now, but "did" the big week at Baden

Above: Lady Bridget Poulett, who was at Baden with her mother, stands behind Tullio Carminati (Grace Moore's first screen lover); he's coming to England to make a film



Right: Mrs. "Bunny" Tattersall, ex-King Alfonso of Spain, Frau Richard Haniel, the "queen" of Baden; behind, Mrs. Tattersall is Herr von Schnizzler, the German chemicals "king." They were at the Baden Grand Prix meeting

Bertram Park

Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey

Bertram Park

Miss Ursula Livingstone-Learmonth

Right:
Lady Ursula Manners

Below:
Miss Ursula Horlick

Page Greaves

Lots in a Name . . .

No. 1. Ursula

THEY are all called Ursula—so what? Nothing at all, except that it's amusing to put on the same wall of the gallery a few of the people whose parents had identical ideas on their behalfs. Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey had the Duke of Westminster and Constance, Duchess of Westminster (now married to Capt. James FitzPatrick Lewis) to choose her names, which are also Mary Olivia. Miss Ursula Livingstone-Learmonth, from Dorset, has Capt. and Mrs. Noel Livingstone-Learmonth to hold responsible for what she was christened. Lady Ursula Manners was given just the one name by her Duke and Duchess of Rutland parents. And Miss Ursula Horlick's father and mother, Colonel Jimmy Horlick and Mrs. Horlick, gave her another old-fashioned name—Priscilla—as a spare one.

Tunbridge

A Bewitched Beef-eater

Bobbie Howes and Sepha Treble

Bobbie Howes is the hero of the new musical comedy, "Please, Teacher!" at the Hippodrome, and Sepha Treble is the head girl. Head girl because the setting's a girls' school, with Bobbie Howes as a bold and bad intruder who makes hay of the local discipline. What Lady Hamilton and a Beef-eater have to do with this, we couldn't say, the show having had its first night postponed from Thursday last week because Bobbie Howes was ill with bronchitis. We hope he's better by now. Vera Pearce, Wylie Watson, and Bertha Belmore are some more of the enormous cast

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

THE newly-completed transformation of the Dome at Brighton at a cost of £40,000—and even then, you know, it 's only the former stables of the gorgeous pleasure palace built by George IV., which Osbert Sitwell has celebrated in such natty, jewelled prose—is all very well, but to our mind it doesn't solve Brighton's chief problem. Even if they transformed the entire sweep of sea-front from Kemp Town to Portslade, erecting towering fairy palaces of porphyry and rose-pink marble, encrusted with topazes, chrysoberyls, opals, peridots, carbuncles, rubies, amethysts, and moonstones, it wouldn't solve Brighton's chief problem, which is the distressing ugliness of its crowds. The modern successors to the First Gentleman's gay and raffish retinue and the dashingly-attired stockbrokers and actors and their odalisques of the nineties are a drifting mob of dull, blank, dispirited faces surrounded by such a depressing general aura of cheap tweed cap and cheap drab raincoat and aimless, adenoidal gloom that the gay ghosts of Brighton's past must have difficulty in finding enough blistering oaths to meet the situation.

The solution nevertheless is quite obvious, and we 've often thought of approaching Sir Harry Preston about it. It is this: on entering Brighton every train-load, coach-load, car-load, or bicycle-load of visitors is shunted by the police at once into the Municipal Dressing-Rooms adjoining the station, where their hideous clothes are exchanged for fancy costumes of rich, colourful, and even bizarre design under the watchful eye of leading theatrical costumiers. Their tedious faces are then made up by skilled theatre-artists into something expressive of careless joy, their spectacles and pince-nez are fitted with removable pink lenses, and they are turned loose on the front, where the Brighton police shower sugar-plums, roses, and confetti, on them and, if they still remain sullen, kick them gaily but resolutely in the pants.

The traditional lighthearted gaiety of the British crowd! It only needs encouraging a bit. Eh?

Boys Will Be Boys

ROMANTIC Heidelberg, its students, their corps, their fantastic uniforms, their grave, elaborate rituals of beer-drinking and duelling—all the traditional Old Heidelberg stuff seems temporarily doomed. The aristocratic Saxo-Borussia Corps, which made such fun of Hitler's way of eating asparagus early in the summer and was so promptly dealt with, the ringleaders being thrown at once into concentration camps, has been given a certain time to knuckle under and be absorbed into the Nazi machine. If the students resist beyond the time-limit, their corps will probably cease to exist in less time than it takes Von Goering to shout "Morphine." Thus for a time will Heidelberg's glory be dimmed. Only for a time, probably. One or two ancient things in Germany will of their nature of fallibility survive the Nazi régime, and the Burschenschaft is almost certainly one. In the meantime its eclipse will leave Oxford in the position, temporarily, of being the world's most romantic university, with its handsome and rugged hearties, its pale, flower-like æsthetes, and the maidens who make Somerville and Lady Margaret twin gardens of swooning delight and fill the academic groves with enchantment; not to speak of its dons, whose personal beauty is only equalled by their real learning and cosmopolitan grasp of affairs.

"Can I knock you down on this one?"

Talking (somewhat playfully, ha, ha!) of the maidens of Oxford, we really had the shock of our life on once visiting Smith College, Northampton, Mass., the largest women's college in the States. From every nook and crevice of this vast foundation poured youthful loveliness so overwhelming, so stunning, so out-Zeigfelding Zeigfeld and all his Follies, that we reeled and had to be taken to an adjacent café to be revived with coffee and cookies. We only saw about 357 of Smith College's 3,000 undergraduates and/or alumnæ. A female don told us (a) they were practically all like that; and (b) there were no vacant professorships (male).

Bend Over, Sir

THE British Association provided less comic relief this year than heretofore, always barring the professor who has a novel theory that babies laugh because they 're pleased. Nor were there signalled any grave bloomers to speak of, whether due to defective understanding or plain donnish ignorance. We know a man who has a collection of exquisite gaffes made publicly by dons, professors, and high Ministers of State. You may remember the British Cabinet Minister,

" Everything was fine until women started exploring ! "

for one, who protested against the " insolence " of the French word " demander " in a draft of the Peace Treaty ? Perhaps the king-pin of our friend's museum is the don who wrote to the old (pre-Houston) *Saturday Review* claiming that the French language was essentially barbarous and instancing the phrase " beaucoup belle." Yelping with delight, hardly able to believe their eyes, a pack of heartless wolves fell instantly on this innocent and mangled him. One of them, signing himself " H.B. "—the initials are pretty well known—averred that any French citizen who ever used the phrase " beaucoup belle " would be laying up for himself a loveless manhood and a lonely old age, concluding by sincerely deploring the shortcomings of primary education in our own dear country. The unfortunate don was picked up and re-assembled somehow by his friends, but he was never quite the same don again.

One for Their Nobs

BOUQUET this week for Gordon Craig, one of those lonely apostles of the theatre who toil earnestly and unceasingly for the pure-living, high-thinking, uncommercialised Drama, with no perceptible effect on earth. Mr. Craig announced the other day from his far Italian retreat, " I receive no press-cuttings whatsoever." We reported this at once to a fashionable actor. His fine features quivered slightly with emotion. He made the sign against the Evil Eye and went his dignified way. We doubt if anybody in West End theatre-land, after Mr. Craig's damning admission, would certify him as compos mentis. Very few authors would, either—least of all a novelist we know who had to give up his press-cutting agency because the neighbours complained of the hellish row at breakfast-time.

The most improving press-cutting story extant concerns Whistler. That cantankerous person, taking a swipe at one of his enemies in a Scottish paper, referred in his airy way to " the ridiculous Romeike, who has not hitherto sent me your agreeable literature." The eminent firm of Romeike and Curtice at once demanded an apology, pointing out that they had supplied Mr. Whistler with more than 800 Press-cuttings to date. This brought the astonished Whistler up all standing, as yachtsmen say, and nearly carried away his bobstay. " Who in Heaven's name," he complained in his reply to Romeike and Curtice, " ever dreamed of you as an actual person ? " He apologised nevertheless, leaving Romeike and Curtice in the unique position of having brought the bouncing author of *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies* to his knees with a single blow. This teaches us to be careful about toying with figures of legend and romance. A man we know once got into trouble for being satiric in a newspaper paragraph about Mrs. Beeton. He never dreamed she had ever existed. As a matter of fact, she has descendants alive.

Half-Brick, with Flowers

FOR the expression of unutterable boredom in half a column of polished diplomatic prose we hand it admiringly to that *Times* music-critic who attended the

" No, no, I not buy heem. I joost borrow *heem for a leetle while — non ? "*

first performance of a new quasi-Celtic opera by a Britsh composer at Bath the other night. The boy sat doggedly through three-and-a-half hours of it. "When it comes to explaining in more detail what *The Ever-Young* is about," he wrote in his despair, "the pen falters." Evidently he is—unlike our old maestro James ("Boss") Agate—a sufferer from insomnia. Nothing is more refreshing at a terrible theatrical first night than the spectacle of Boss Agate in his stall, wrapped in healthful sleep. Wakened by a specially shrill hoot from an actress, the Boss blinks slightly and relapses at once into slumber. Yet he is sprightly and cavorting as ever the following Sunday. The reason is that his subconscious is working overtime while he sleeps. It 's a precious gift, is a house-trained subconscious.

The regular West End first-night audience, composed mainly of hysteria-subjects, naturally never demonstrates anything but ecstasy, but we never understand why quite normal, sensible audiences sit through the most appalling shows with such sheep-like resignation. The obvious gesture is to trickle gently out of the theatre, one by one. This is not actionable, like booing or tearing up the floor, nor is it brutal to the actors. Abroad, audiences rarely stand any nonsense, no matter whose fault it is. We 've heard an operatic tenor who botched a complicated aria compelled by a furious Italian audience to sing the whole thing through again. And when they hiss, do they hiss!

Is It Cricket?

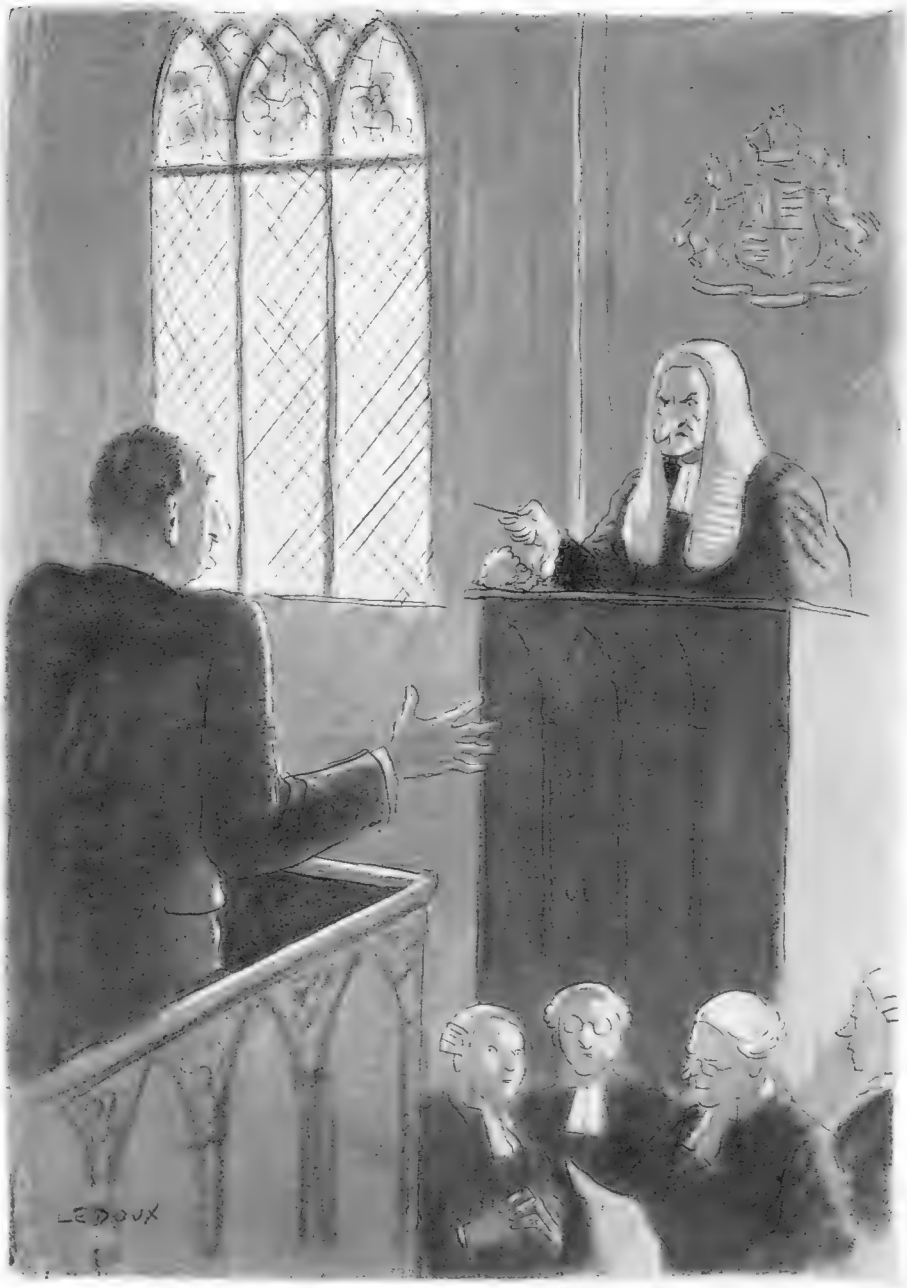
UNLESS these old eyes are woundily deceived, an increasing number of beards seems to be cropping up round town. (Apart from the Café Royal gang, we mean, and the Bloomsbury and Chelsea menageries.) We 've seen them lately attached to quite decent, clean-cut British faces in the most respectable surroundings, like Knightsbridge and Belgravia. The time may soon be ripe—who knows?—for the advent of a successor to Frank Richardson, the great anti-beard apostle to the hairy Edwardians. Ever read Frank Richardson? He is furious and often extremely funny. Beards (including secret beards) were his principal obsession, but he also wrote one of the grimmest little thrillers in the language. 0678 *Mayfair* it was called, or some telephone number like that. We 've often wondered why no publisher has reprinted this remarkable essay in the macabre.

We could easily fill fifteen pages on the beard question, for and against, but we won't. We 'll just remind impulsive persons tempted to grow beards that beards often have a dangerous and disturbing effect on the personality—as in the notable case of the late Peter Warlock, musician, whose beard changed him immediately from a rather shy neo-Georgian neurotic to a swashbuckling Renaissance sabreur. So much for the dark side of beards. As for the lighter side, if any, we still think the most wildly comic thing about beards was written by P. G. Wodehouse about a very bushy character—a foreigner, he was—who made a sudden remark after long silence. "Down in the forest," wrote Wodehouse, "something stirred."

Ring Out, Wild Bells

WE rejoiced to see those special posters and big black front-page head-lines allaying the feverish anxiety of Christendom with news (at last!) of the marriage of Fred Perry, lawn-tennis ace. Too long has uncertainty over Perry's sentimental vacillations kept the civilised world in a state of sick suspense. The eager Press kept giving us the jumps at twice-weekly intervals with reports and rumours which were affirmed only to be denied next moment. Blanched and wan, we hardly dared open a paper for days on end. Now, thank God, the tension is over. Perry is married. We learned it first from a Late Special Edition poster, hurriedly printed and flung on the breathless town. Tears of pure happiness and nervous relief coursed freely down our haggard features.

THE BYSTANDERS.



"Kindly remember that this is not *a Punch and Judy show!"*

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 49.—Dr. Harold Dearden

OF the people who suddenly find
That life can't be pleasant or proper
Until their girl-friend meets her untidy end
By the aid of a pistol or chopper,
He writes in an amiable way
That is not the remotest bit gruesome;
But if you like thrills about grim, human
"kills,"
The doctor can always give *you* some.

In his chatty and lighthearted style,
He will tell of some blushing young spinster
Who dropped rat poison in her new lover's
hot gin
When she felt the soft prompting within stir.
But he never will moralise on
The doom that o'ertook the young lady,
And continues to write in a manner that 's
bright
Of the facets of life that are shady.

Stilted phrases he never employs
Nor wallows in medical jargon,
And those neuroses odd which will land
blokes in quod
He 'll never (thank Heaven!) enlarge on.
But it 's clear that he 's able to write
In a way that 's direct, clear and graphic
Of that polyglot crew of known criminals who
Lead lives that are *far* from seraphic.

B. W.

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

The Party Spirit

"Stop . . . Go!" (Vaudeville Theatre)

The Huntin' Woman!

Above: Mary Brian as the Dream of a Diana, and Douglas Byng (right) as the nightmare of one

André Charlot has long realised that the secret of success as far as intimate revue is concerned, lies in first-class teamwork, and that "All for one, and one for all" spirit which is popularly supposed to have made our public schools what they are to-day. You may have sketches, lyrics, and dresses of outstanding merit, but, unless the real family-party atmosphere is at work behind the footlights, your chances of being on a real winner won't be worth a critic's cuss.

Audiences in small theatres like the Vaudeville react very quickly to the atmosphere existing on the stage, and that is why *Stop—Go!* will probably succeed where more brilliant, but less friendly, shows might fail. It has that invaluable asset, the genuine, "come-and-join-in-the-fun" note about it

Of the principals, Douglas (Keep-the-Party-Clean) Byng has by far the most to do, and does it with his usual verve and versatility, but his own especial brand of humour, although very much to the taste of Mayfair sophisticates, is caviare to the general, and when I attended a matinée at the Prince's Theatre in Manchester during the provincial try-out, it was quite obvious that many of his personal allusions and jokes meant less than the dust when uttered some two hundred miles outside the magic circle of the Four-Mile Radius.

Although his doubtlessly historically correct portrayal of Mrs. Lot and his study of an elderly hunting harridan, who rides and drops gees everywhere, are excellent, I liked him best when, in quieter vein, he sang of a down-trodden, poverty-stricken clerk who yearned to get rid of his repressions by throwing stones.

Dorothy Ward, who has at last forsaken pantomime for revue, obviously finds the change very much to her liking, and brings to all she does a keen sense of comedy and character, and her impression of that seductive Slav, Olga Pulloffski, the beautiful spy, is one of the high-lights of the show. Working with a vast, but by no means misplaced, energy, she shows us why successful principal boys are principally boisterous.

Of the others, film-star Mary Brian looks delightful and dances excellently—she also sings, but not as much as you'd notice Donald Stewart, another young American sings excellently, and is one hundred per cent. manly; and Gertrude Musgrove is a young lady who shows every promise of being another Cicely Courtneidge in the making.

To sum up, the chorus numbers and dancing are excellent, as are the dresses and lighting. The lyrics, apart from the ones which Douglas Byng has himself written, are neither good nor bad enough to call for any special comment, but most of the sketches are feeble, dreary affairs, and do nothing to add to the gaiety of nations. There is, however, plenty to amuse in this fast-moving revue, but (with Douglas Byng in our mind's eye) if you contemplate taking your maiden aunt from Cheltenham with you—don't!

Sketches by Rouson

Dorothy Ward as Olga Pulloffski, the Beautiful Spy. "My dear, she just slays 'em!"

Photograph specially taken by Howard Coster

ERIC GILL—AN ARTIST IN STONE WITH A SCAFFOLD STUDIO

Eric Gill has designed and is sculpting the mural in stone on Dorset House, a new block of flats in Upper Gloucester Place. Here he works in exactly the same way as the Assyrian master sculptors worked on the mural on the palace of Darius over two thousand years ago—only below his perch on the scaffold motors spin up and down the street. Eric Gill was born in Brighton; is fifty-three, and the son of a clergyman, but himself now a Roman Catholic; his best-known works are Leeds University War Memorial, the Stations of the Cross in Westminster Cathedral, and the sculpture on Broadcasting House; and he is the designer of an excellent fount of type that is named after him

"Music in the Blood"—A New Film at the Curzon

This new German film, which started its run last night at the Curzon, has a music academy as its setting, and Leo Slezak, the famous tenor, as its star. He is well-known in European opera-houses, but this is his first film. Here he is with little Sybille Schmitz, third of the trio of actresses who play opposite Slezak. The other two, also new to England, are Elsa Wagner and Hanna Waag. Erich Waschneck directed

• FILMS of the DAY

Sea-Scapes and Escapes

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

It is really a right use of material to make Clark Gable play the part of a captain of a boat cruising in the China Sea, subjected to temptation and torture, Wallace Beery a bad, bold confederate of pirates, Jean Harlow, the tow-haired lady of easy virtue who appropriately supplants the contrasted perfect lady whom the unshaven, somewhat alcoholic but heroic Captain is engaged to marry. That is, at sight, an unsuitable arrangement, and the platinum termagant obviously a more likely mate. There are other events which, under a microscope, would not appear as natural phenomena, but *China Sea* is, frankly, a blood-and-thunder melodrama, with a full quota of thrills and horrors—a typhoon, pirates, torture, strong men and strong liquor—taken at speed and excellently acted; as such it is a good film and a relief from pseudo-psychological stuff.

A very different view of nautical affairs is presented in *Gentlemen of the Navy*, in which the heroics are of a purely sentimental nature. The spirit (non-alcoholic) of American naval gentlemanliness is represented by Sir Guy Standing in the rôle of a superannuated and gaga ex-Commander, who involuntarily converts the disloyal cadet by contriving to die in his old ship, which is being used for target practice, and has a ripping funeral as a finale. Richard Cromwell, who made such a mess of things in *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, is the good boy in this film.

China Sea is infinitely better entertainment than *Gentlemen of the Navy*. The book was by Crosbie Garstin, who, in spite of a considerable and practical knowledge of boats and the sea, tragically met his death off the coast of Cornwall a few years ago.

Signposts on the British cinema road seem to be pointing towards Cornwall, especially if it is true that the camera follows the stars. This summer Gertrude Lawrence, Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, and Penelope Dudley Ward have all been seen (and photographed) in the vicinity of St. Austell, while Robert Wyndham, the one-armed stunt flier, and his attractive wife, Diane Taylor, were at a neighbouring fishing village, Mevagissey.

It was at Mevagissey that, in the old, silent film days, Tom Terry made a successful picture of his famous father's best-known play, *Harbour Lights*, with Tom Moore and Isobel Elsom in the principal parts, and local fishermen co-operating marvellously as extras.

Cornwall, with its extraordinary atmospheric translucence, its lovely and varied scenery, the quaint villages, harbours and shipping, and its equable climate, seems to suggest itself as a natural centre for outdoor cinematography. The snapshots brought back by holiday-makers reveal its photogenic quality, and there are certainly native "characters" to provide such natural types as the Russians use so well and the Germans used to specialise in.

I can think of half-a-dozen stories that could be filmed in their native surroundings in Cornwall—from books by Quiller-Couch, Hugh Walpole, Mrs. Sedgwick, to name only the most obvious authors, and the development of Crinnis Bay, with its luxury hotel and Riviera Club, make the Duchy a habitable and sociable venue nowadays.

Perhaps I should confess that I am writing this in Cornwall: next week, back in the Metropolis, I shall probably find London the most thrilling background, and Cockneys the most natural actors for filmic creation, unless I am converted to the Russian fetish, since we are to see Greta Garbo in *Anna Karenina*, the film which, under the stupid title of *Love*, was one of her first successes. I recall her beauty, which has changed to something more significant, some idyllic love-scenes with John Gilbert, particularly one beside an un-Russian river, and the suspense before the swiftly-accomplished tragic ending. It will be interesting to see what changes sound and sophistication have wrought in the filmic interpretation of one of the world's greatest love-stories and one of the world's greatest cinema actresses . . .

The Guitrys on the Films

SACHA GUITRY and his attractive wife, Jacqueline Delubac, have made a new film, called "Bonne Chance," a comedy written specially for the screen by Guitry himself. The story is traditional: she is a little sempstress in Montmartre, and he is a poor painter, and they 're in love, and she wins a lottery, and so they can get married and live happily ever after. But no doubt this simple tale, told with all the Guitry wit and acted by these two experts, is more sophisticated than it sounds. Anyway, "Bonne Chance," with Guitry's first film "Pasteur," was shown on board the Normandie on her first cross-Atlantic trip, and will probably come to London in the renters' good time

Léon Woizikovsky

Anthony

"L'Amour Sorcier," the ballet from which these photographs were taken, is Woizikovsky's own, his first choreographic creation, composed to de Falla's music. Nina Raievska, as the lithe, fiery gipsy bride, partners Woizikovsky's taut, energetic dancing. That same taut energy is the chief characteristic of all his performances, and gives an exciting, vital quality to everything he does. He was originally one of Diaghileff's dancers, made his name in those days, was with de Basil for a season or two, and then started out on his own, collecting for twelve months his dancers, artists, designers, orchestra, and building up the repertoire that the company is now giving at the Coliseum

John Everard

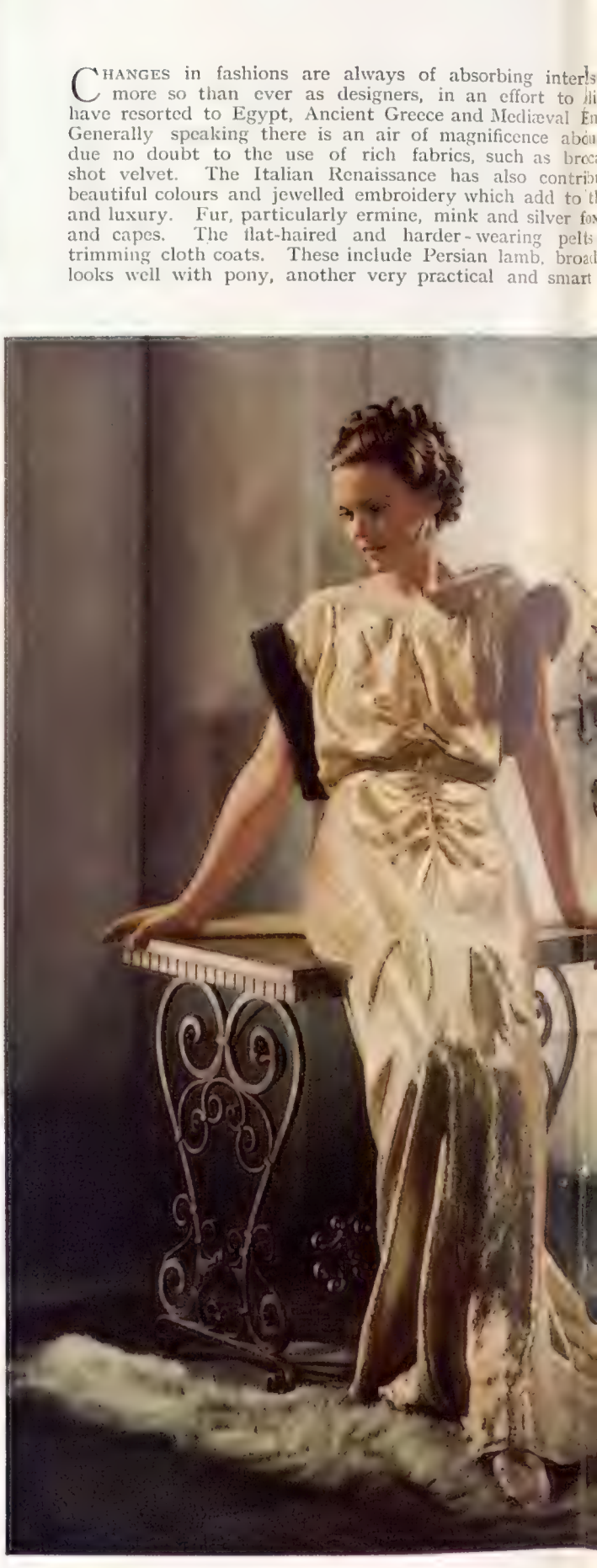
"Bystander" Beauties

No. 6. Mrs. Desmond FitzGerald

Mrs. Desmond FitzGerald, sixth in this series of "Beauties," is really very lovely—shape of face, eyes, figure, colouring are all of a kind, and make her an exceptionally decorative person. She was Veronica Villiers, married in 1929 the only son of the seventeenth Knight of Glin, has two daughters, has a liking for parties, picture-shows, race meetings, and makes London her usual headquarters. The other pictures in this series of direct-colour photographs have appeared since April

Fashions for the

CHANGES in fashions are always of absorbing interl
more so than ever as designers, in an effort to li
have resorted to Egypt, Ancient Greece and Mediæval En
Generally speaking there is an air of magnificence abou
due no doubt to the use of rich fabrics, such as broc
shot velvet. The Italian Renaissance has also contrib
beautiful colours and jewelled embroidery which add to t
and luxury. Fur, particularly ermine, mink and silver fo
and capes. The flat-haired and harder-wearing pelts
trimming cloth coats. These include Persian lamb, broad
looks well with pony, another very practical and smart

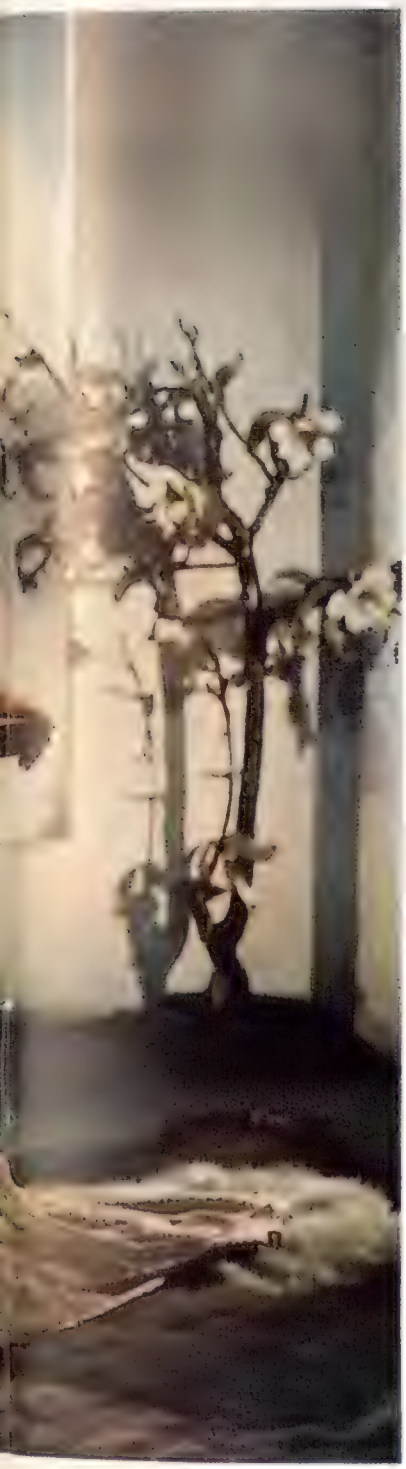


DIAPHANOUS green chiffon makes the lovely frock above, a member of the Younger Set Department at Harrods, Knightsbridge. It is moulded to the figure as far as the knee, where it swirls into graceful fulness. The Grecian influence is present in the frock worn by the seated figure. It is expressed in gold lamé enriched with mink, and may be seen at Jay's, Regent Street. The draped corsage is a new note. There are many variations on this theme. Sometimes the draperies are confined to the skirt only, and form a looped curtain effect at the sides, or else they may be centred at the back when they record the old-fashioned bustle. Then there are scarf draperies which float as the wearer moves, and three-fold draped effects on afternoon frocks. In every case, however, the old Grecian effect is modified to suit the wearer so that she is always graceful.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BLAKE

Autumn

rist, and this year they are discover something different, England for their inspirations. out the new evening clothes, rcade, shimmering lamé and ributed much in the way of the atmosphere of splendour fox, is used lavishly for wraps ts appear for day wear and adtail and nutria. The latter rt fur, with a moiré marking.



THERE are three silhouettes this Autumn, the moulded, the draped and the graceful picturesque. The first of these describes the beautiful frock pictured above which is carried out in red satin richly embroidered with silver sequins and bugle beads. It may be seen in the model gown salons at Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. The flounce-like fulness is achieved by layer upon layer of red tulle while the short coatee may be discarded when dancing. The idea of an accompanying cape or coatee is sponsored by many designers. Often they introduce a contrasting colour, or else they are made of feathers, paillettes or velvet. In the case of capes, they usually sweep the ground and have a hooded collar which may be worn up or down. There are others, however, that are devoid of all collars, and have a somewhat ecclesiastical appearance. Sleeves are important both for day and evening. They are frequently very full and drawn into a wrist band, or else they may be elbow length with a pouch. A wide-shouldered effect is achieved by the modern version of the leg-o'-mutton sleeve, while the floating angel drapery expressed in lamé, is extremely becoming at night.

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PER 1/- PACKET
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Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Devonport Impressions

A strenuous moment in internecine warfare when Richmond staged a Colours versus Whites trial game. Old Deer Park has returned to its customary winter activity now the "Rugger" is in full swing again

Making sure of it! A Devon and Cornwall player finds himself swamped while attempting to get rid of the ball during the match at Devonport with which the All Blacks opened their tour. Their 35 points to 6 victory was an encouraging start to the season

STILL the All Blacks: and I warn you here and now that they will form the staple subject of my chatter for some time to come. And, after all, they are the main objects of interest, if they will forgive the term, in the first half of this Rugby season.

We look to them for stimulus and inspiration, qualities which I rather think they will provide in full measure.

I went down to Devonport to watch their first match, and survived the journey, the railway fare (ticket and otherwise), the crowd, the Hoe (Plymouth), and an excitable man from Wanganui, who did not see eye to eye with me at all.

Fierce patriots, these New Zealanders—and quite rightly. And they had a certain amount of reason for their enthusiasm while the All Blacks were making swift rings round Devon and Cornwall.

Myself, I found the match a little puzzling. The All Blacks have speed and cleverness and football sense. On dry turf, against any but the best opponents, they will certainly score many points, and play brilliant football, also the right sort of football—hard, good-tempered and clean.

SO far we have no complaints, and little cause for criticism. If you are going to see them in the near future, watch particularly the running of T. H. C. Caughey, C. J. Oliver, and G. F. Hart. And ask yourself whether H. F. McLean, the roving forward, does not remind you to an absurd degree—physically and facially, and in method—of our old friend Tom Voyce.

BUT the New Zealand scrummaging, of which we had hoped so much, what of that? Possibly, by the time you read this, the All Blacks will have changed their tactics completely, and settled down to the genuine stuff in an orthodox formation.

It was odd, though, to find them packing first 3—4, with McLean putting the ball in, and then 3—4—1, against the robust counties' pack at Devonport. They are perfectly entitled to experiment, but experiments of this kind suggest that they are more concerned with quick heeling than with what we understand as forward control of the game.

The 3—4 formation failed, for the very good reason that the counties' pack shoved too hard, and I fancy the All Blacks will abandon it, except as an occasional expedient. The 3—4—1 method of packing failed also, in my opinion, and I doubt whether the All Blacks have sufficiently heavy forwards to use it successfully. With the Springboks it was a different matter. Boy Louw, Mostert, Kipling, Berg, Nel—these were fifteen- and sixteen-stone men; whereas the All Blacks' pack averages an ounce or two under fourteen stone. The Springboks, moreover, alternated the 3—4—1 formation with the 3—3—2, and I believe the All Blacks would be well advised to adhere to 3—3—2 or 3—2—3. The 3—4—1 method, after all, is not a real scrummaging formation, but one for quick heeling purposes. It is not suited either to the wheel or the straight shove, and if the All Blacks are to make full use of their potentially brilliant backs, they must revert to genuine scrummaging methods.

AT present, the very fact of their scrummaging weakness makes them by no means invincible. If the West Country pack could hold and even beat them forward, what will happen when they come up against representative packs? And all their games will not be played in relatively dry conditions—a muddy afternoon on the borders or in Wales might find them sadly at fault.

Their forwards, mind you, are strong and fast, but so far they have given no sign that they have a command of forward technique. Cross-dribbling, line-out work, wheeling, loose-scrummaging—in these and other points their worth is still not proven. That Mr. Meredith has the material for a magnificent pack at his disposal I do not deny: it was only rather odd that at Devonport there were so few signs that it would be shaped along traditional forward lines.

PERHAPS it is churlish to start criticising so soon, and there is no denying the fact that the All Blacks won their first match handsomely enough. Next Saturday, though, they meet Swansea, and that will be a real test for them, particularly if Swansea can reproduce the form they showed against the Harlequins and the Barbarians at the end of last season.

One other impression I had at Devonport—their forwards are big and tall, but most of them carry their weight in the shoulders. They are light below, as fast men should be, but they can be stopped by resolute tackling. The Springboks, on the other hand, had legs like tree-trunks, and when they were in full cry for the line, most tacklers bounced off them.

AND what of G. Gilbert, the full-back, who scored 17 points himself by accurate place kicking and a dropped goal? 'Ware penalties when he is around, and he is a cool, steady player, with a good sense of position. He may be one of the big men of the tour, though he struck me as a little slow, likely to be beaten by quick-thinking opponents. Here again we must reserve judgment, but one thing is certain—the All Blacks will strive to keep the game open and the ball in play. No Bennie Osler tactics for them, but straight running and passing attack.

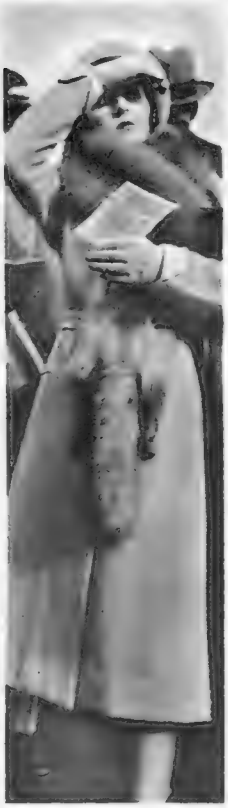
THEIR tactics behind the scrummage are puzzling to onlooker and opponent. The ball invariably reaches the wing through the chain of scrum-half, first five-eighths, second five-eighths, and centre, whichever side of the scrummage the movement may swing. That is a little difficult, but the All Blacks made confusion more confounded by switching over their second five-eighth and centre, very unobtrusively. Thus their opponents find it hard to mark a man with any consistency, and the golden rule must be: "Go for the man with the ball, and go hard."

Doubtless these little problems will sort themselves out. In the meanwhile, we may be sure that the All Blacks will be very well worth watching. We may also be grateful that they are such a pleasant, friendly team, determined to play Rugby football in the best possible spirit.

CHARMING

The Map

Lady Hardinge, married 4th Viscount when he was on the Governor - General's staff in 1928, is tall, handsome, sporting. Was Margaret Arnot of Rockcliffe, Ottawa



Lady Haddington and her sister Lady Minto were Cooks from Montreal. Vividly pretty with black hair, pink cheeks. Married twelve years. One daughter aged one

Miss Connie Dawes seen in characteristic mood is peppiest ex-debutante ever exported by Montreal. Has freckles and a fan mail (male)

Below : **Mrs. Richard Tillotson** attends the brightest cocktail parties. Her English husband and his brother Sydney are rising City men

Mrs. Harold Laurence and New Yorker husband live this side. The former Muriel Marston of Toronto dresses with effective originality

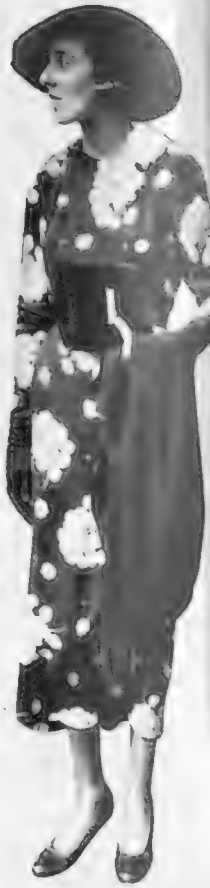
Right : **Mrs. Charles Gerard,** whose husband is a Grenadier, is neat, graceful, slim, smiling. Was Norma Rogers. May be met in Biarritz or Bond St. Lives in Sussex

Mrs. Victor Blundell (Helen Guthrie) met her Scots Guards husband when he was A.D.C. to the Governor - General. They live in Chester Square and have a cute baby

The **Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Fitzgerald** has perfect ankles and a perfect house off Grosvenor Square ; was Helen Drury from Halifax, Nova Scotia

Miss Colin Defries, wife of the pioneer racing motorist, and Mrs. Paul Baron's mother, was a McNair from Vancouver, B.C. Has blue-white hair and a baby's complexion

Mrs. Malcolm Gladstone, elder of the Cambie sisters from Toronto, is another genuine blonde. Seen around with husband's popular sister Mrs. George Philipson



Lady Waleran piquant brunette, was Margaret Blackadder of Montreal. Her brief marriage to the 2nd Baron ended in divorce last year

CANADIANS

Leaf in Mayfair

Miss Evva Lewis and her sister Mrs. Warden Gilchrist have been pillars of Canadian colony for years. Attractive Evva gets about. Is sporting and agreeably reserved

Mrs. Napoleon Brinckman, daughter-in-law of Sir Theodore, has clear-cut chic and a very good-looking husband in the Grenadiers. Was Margaret Southam of Rockcliffe, Ottawa

Lady Lindsay-Hogg was and is Frances Doble. Takes her acting seriously. Likes original holidays abroad. One son

Mrs. Douglas Ramsay, youngest sister of Lord Beaverbrook, was Laura Aitken. Is frank, intelligent and deservedly liked

Miss Peggy Cambie decorates ex-deb dances in summer and slopes at Murren in winter. Has fetching smile and mannequin's figure

Left: **Mrs. Victor Gordon-Lennox,** who lives in Catherine Street with ex-Grenadier husband, was Diana Kingsmill of Ottawa. Skates divinely. Good looks enhanced by a monocle. Popularity conspicuous

Left: **Lady Dashwood** was Helen Eaton from Toronto. Is noted for hat sense. Husband is erroneously labelled "England's Premier Baronet" because he is Premier Baronet of Great Britain—creation 1707

Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell, who was Georgia Doble from Montreal, moves in a most exclusive set and is happily married to a clever man. Must be clever girl

Lady Child met Sir John when he was in Canada. Adores winter sports. Owns flaxen waves and a sense of fun. Was Sheila Mathewson (Montreal)

Mrs. Archie Crabbe was Yvette McKenna of Quebec. Has a streamlined attractiveness characteristically Canadian. Husband is in Scots Guards

Shadow Patterns

Clever Camera Work at the London Salon of Photography Exhibition

THIS is, as usual, an exhibition for anyone with an eye, the layman as well as the technician and professional; the London Salon chooses for its annual display only those photographs that have a definite pictorial or artistic value. Since the exhibitors come from all over the world, the impression conveyed by their work is an international one, and constitutes a very fair survey of camera progress in almost every country. The Exhibition, from which we also reproduced three pictures last week, is open until October 12th, at the R.W.S. Galleries, Pall Mall East

Glancing Shadows—By Chris. J. Symes

Left:
Le Pêcheur—
By Gustav Seiden

Right:
Shadow Play on the Ice—
By Alfred Eisenstaedt

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

An Unusual Military Pair

By A. G. Macdonell

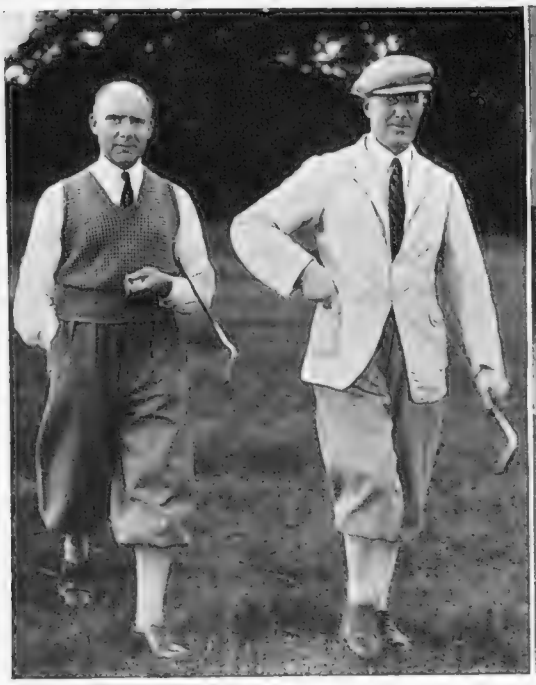
ONE of the most remarkable and original, books which I have read for some time is called *Elegant Extracts* (Lovat Dickson; 8s. 6d.). The authors are Edmund Malone and George Hawes, and the book consists of extracts from letters which they have written to each other in the past. Nothing very remarkable or original in that, you say at once. But wait a moment. The two authors are regular soldiers, both of the Royal Fusiliers; both are now colonels; the letters cover a period of twenty-five years; and the two subalterns, captains, majors, and colonels, as they mount their hierarchical ladder, never lose their sense of proportion. They never forget that they are human beings first and regular soldiers afterwards, and they are no slaves to the hateful and traditional fetishes of their profession. They can be scornful about cricket and polo, about hide-bound commanding-officers, about the ignorance and stupidity of the ordinary regular, about the snobbishness, of the social soldier. And if that is not remarkable and original, I 'll be greatly surprised. Before the war these two men were stationed in India and Egypt, in Burma and Bermuda and Mauritius; one or other of them went on expedition into Tibet, visited America, was stationed at Middelburg in South Africa or Hounslow in Middlesex, served as A.D.C. to the Aberdeens in the Castle in Dublin, or became adjutant to a Territorial battalion. Just before the war Mr. Malone, having retired from the Army, joined Carson and Smith in their gun-running activities in Ulster, and there was a moment when it looked as if the two friends, the authors of this book, might be fighting against each other in Carson's civil war. The outbreak of the World War altered everything, and the two Colonels seem to have alternated between spells of duty in the trenches and cushy jobs behind the line, in the odd fashion that most regular soldiers managed to contrive. *Elegant Extracts* is a social document of great interest. It illuminates, with a brief series of high-lights, the devastating dullness of the peace-life of a soldier in the outposts of Empire. It gives a glimpse of the lively, spacious era in the years before the war, and on almost every page it reveals, almost unconsciously, the ramifications and influence of that extraordinary close corporation, the Regular Army, with its loyalties and its obstructionism, its narrow-mindedness and its stern sense of duty to itself. The two Colonels have compiled a most interesting social and personal document. I hope they will dig down into their archives and select the material for a sequel. I am positive that they have plenty more.

THOSE who read and enjoyed and laughed at the audacious wit of, Mr. Bernard Newman's *Spy*, will, I am afraid, be a little disappointed at his latest book in the same style. *Secret Servant* (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.) is a continuation of the incredible adventures of Mr. Newman as a British spy. This time the scene is the Peace Conference at Paris, and historical figures pass backwards and forwards with the author's own inimitable and quite delightful impertinence. Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Sir Maurice Hankey, Philip Kerr (now Lord Lothian), and many other characters of real life are boldly press-ganged for duty on Mr. Newman's piratical vessel, and the whole hectic atmosphere of Paris in 1919 is admirably done. So also is the most impressive documentation and the continual reference to newspapers and authoritative books. All that is quite capital. But where Mr. Newman seems to me to fall short of his own high standard is in the department of inventiveness. Most writers of thrillers in a series, such as Mr. John Buchan and "Sapper," start modestly in their early books with, say, a conspiracy to diddle a Bank. They end with colossal conspiracies to upset the Cosmos and diddle the Almighty. Mr. Newman goes the other way about. *Spy* was concerned with no less an event than the winning of the World War. *Secret Servant* deals with trivial little plots, such as the attempt of a German group of ex-officers to falsify the text of the actual Treaty, or the elaborate effort to blackmail an English nonentity into opposing the Reparations clauses. It is like shooting a field-gun at a partridge for Mr. Newman to devote his really original technique to such stuff. There is far bigger game in the post-war history of Europe to fly at. I hope next time that he will recount the adventures which he must have had, I am certain, during the Kapp Putsch, the Bela Kun revolution, the Bolshevik invasion of Poland, the filibuster of Fiume, and the various other outbursts of violence that were engendered by the War to end War.

"That's my husband—he reads books"

MISS TESS SLESINGER is a very able writer of short stories. I think she is even better at it than she is as a novelist. Messrs. Barker have published her new collection at 8s. 6d. under the title of *Time: The Present*, and there is no question of the appositeness of the title. For Miss Slesinger is essentially a child of to-day. She belongs, I fancy, to that generation which grew up in America under the reign of Prohibition, which learnt to regard the Law as a thing to be evaded, an official as a man to be bribed, and each human being as a person to be distrusted. This essentially tough, hard quality is reflected in her stories. You get the impression that Miss Slesinger could hold her own in most of the situations of modern life. And she has the very great merit that she writes with an earnest sincerity. She is out to tell a story, not to acquire cheap applause.

"THE FIRST TIME HE DIED" (Collins; 7s. 6d.) is by Miss Ethel Lina White. It is the story of how a trio consisting of a hard-drinking young adventurer, an ex-chorus-girl, and her worthless husband combined to swindle an insurance company on a life insurance. They succeeded, but the worthless husband was swept up into further complications which ended in his suicide. Now the publishers call this "a novel of refreshing originality" which makes me think that they cannot read many novels in their spare time. For surely insurance swindling is an oldish pastime in fiction. But in spite of the hackneyed theme, Miss White might have made a readable thriller out of this if only she had not made her central character such an abysmal ass. The other characters are quite tolerable, but no one could possibly believe in such a frightful fool. And even if you can muster enough charity to believe in him, you could not take the faintest interest in him. I fear that this is a slip-shod book.



Above: J. H. Donaldson (Knole Park), last year's winner, and H. G. Sandercock (Gezira Sporting Club)

A. J. N. Young (Chislehurst) and J. O. Moss (Knole Park)

A. G. S. Penman (Mid-Kent) and W. R. Lyne-Smith (Hythe)

The Kent Cob Again

A Popular Fixture at Knole Park

Right: T. Wheeler and T. R. S. Mackenzie, secretary of the Knole Park Golf Club

Below: Capt. Paskin and Mrs. Mackenzie collecting the sweepstake money from D. H. R. Martin (Knole Park) and the Hon. Drogo Montagu (Royal St. George's)

THIS year's Open Amateur for the Kent Cob saw some excellent performances, outstanding among them being the first round score of 67 with which W. L. Hartley (Royal St. George's), equalled the amateur record for the course. Taking 73 for the second round, he had a total of 140 and, playing from plus 2, finished second to R. D. Blackwell, of Aldeburgh (4), who had a net total score of 143

Col. W. M. Ozanne (Royal St. George's), E. Ewing Samuel (Hythe) and Capt. W. A. Roscow (Hythe) outside the Club-house

Left: H. Longhurst (Bedford) and Dr. J. E. H. Cogan of the Knole Park club

"Bystander" Short Story No. 4

Snake-bite

By George Froxfield

Illustration by John Pimlott

Long, idle days of turquoise and gold . . . had made her the exact instrument for a good-looking young man to play a tarantella upon

I.

What the Encyclopædic Dean Said.

"Every bane has its balm," declared an encyclopædic dean at dinner at the Dunnages'. "Some of the deadliest poisons have immense curative value."

The lovely Mrs. Dunnage faintly smiled and momentarily seemed thinking of something very remote.

II.

What Mrs. Dunnage Remembered.

Though her hair was as saffron as cheap Madeira cake and her eyes as brightly blue as a hedge-sparrow's egg, Audrey was sensible enough at nineteen to suspect the designs of Arthur Dunnage, financier, fair and forty, when he sent her a huge basket of orchids and an invitation to supper.

"Dunnage!" ejaculated a fellow chorus-girl who had often jeered at what she called Audrey's provincial prudery. "Golly, you 're in luck! If he ruins you, baby, you 're made!"

The simple meal Dunnage ordered, his dancing with her without even squeezing her hand, his driving her home and parting with her after a friendly handshake, quite startled Audrey.

What could he be up to, she wondered.

When, after a delicate and archaic courtship, Arthur proposed to her, Audrey began by sniffing and ended up in floods of tears, all sorts of truths escaping her, such as, "You 're so clever and I 'm such a dim-wit," and "Everyone will say that I 'll let you down."

At the end of the first five years of the marriage, granting that Audrey was constitutionally unable either to keep awake when among women or to prevent herself waking up if a man came into the room, passing over a succession of indiscreet affairs with young men (as her husband did, but the gossips certainly did not), nobody could throw much mud at little Mrs. Dunnage, who tried in every other way to please her adoring but very busy husband, humouring, teasing, petting him—"Just as though she were his fancy bit," as her maid complained.

But, though she revelled and grew lovelier month by month in Rolls-Royces, yacht, little house in Mayfair, big house in Sussex, and a sunny villa, Les Tilleuls, that he had bought for her at Anse des Pins, near Cannes, Audrey felt a secret discontent. She didn't know what she meant when she told her latest youthful admirer that she felt she was missing "the big things of life," but even indulgent Arthur had come to the reluctant conclusion that he would have to have a straight talk with her when, in August, they left London for the Riviera.

At Les Tilleuls, when unexpected but urgent business had recalled Arthur to London and kept him there week after week warily and wearily negotiating with all the warring interests that subsequently amalgamated as United Tins, Audrey met Paul Petrousky.

Annoyance at Arthur's constantly-deferred return, loneliness (as yet they knew no one in the neighbourhood), boredom (she seldom read even a novel), long, idle days of turquoise and gold, long, idle nights of sapphire and silver, had made her the exact instrument for a good-looking young man to play a tarantella upon.

They met on the diving-raft moored opposite the villa. Paul was long, lean and lithe, always well groomed, pallid, his curly hair and clipped moustache as black as jet and his eyes deepest brown. In his own country, Audrey discovered, he had been a Prince, but his estates had been forfeited and he had dropped his title, though he could not drop his commanding air and distinguished look.

Within ten days of their meeting he had whirled her off her feet in a tarantella that grew wilder daily—especially after sunset.

But though, three weeks later, she gloated in bed over his letters—most deliciously, daring notes; though his Russian violets hung their modest heads as she stood under the shower, his Russian cigarettes parted her lips, his Russian Eau de Cologne scented the lobes of her ears, his Russian caviare on toast, lemon-sprinkled, became the only hors d'œuvre she could enjoy; though there were walks in the moonlit pine woods, long runs in his low, black limousine, cruises in his motor-boat to the Iles des Lérins, dancing at distant casinos and meals in tiny inland inns, Audrey's discretion and her precaution had kept the affair darkly secret and her "provincial prudery" had staved off the commonplace dénouement.

It is the custom in Anse des Pins for every servant to have a whole holiday on the annual fête day. On the eve of it, murmuring in the scented darkness in the limousine, Paul had begged her to let him make his first visit to her home, and though she had realised that something beyond permission to call depended on her answer, she had at last whispered "Yes."

Snake-bite (Continued)

Now, on the afternoon of the fête day, only a feeling that she was acting a part enabled strung-up Audrey to carry on. With a Garbo's trailing grace she set out glasses and a decanter of Wolfschmidt Vodka, carried the bowl of Russian violets from the window to a table by the sofa, put a record of Vasilka's Balalaika Band playing the "Cossack's Love Song" on the gramophone, spread out on the sofa the new coat of Russian sables that Paul had helped her choose in Cannes, then stretched herself full-length upon it, hand-glass raised, thrilling at the undeniably lovely contrast between the coat's bright darkness and the ivory and gold of her skin and hair. . . .

The sound of a car disturbed her. It was not Paul's low, black limousine that came swirling down the short drive, but a royal blue coupé.

Somebody rang, and it seemed ominous that the gramophone simultaneously stopped. Audrey rose and went to the front door.

"I 'm Mrs. Vandercomb," said her visitor—a stranger, a tall, slim young woman with rusty eyes and copper hair. "Are you Mrs. Arthur Dunnage?"

"Yes?" said Audrey, managing to make her answer a question.

"Mine 's a loathsome errand," said Mrs. Vandercomb.

"She 's lost all her money at the Casino or something, and wants help," Audrey thought, and determined to lend (which meant give) her a fiver.

"I 'm afraid," she said, "I 'm frightfully rushed, but if you 'll——

"It will take very little time," broke in Mrs. Vandercomb. "May I speak to you somewhere—in private?"

AUDREY led the way into the drawing-room. There Mrs. Vandercomb sat down, and, with startling abruptness, began what appeared to be a novelette.

Four years ago, Audrey learnt, a young married woman had been staying on the Riviera. Business had called her husband home. He had insisted upon her remaining where she was.

"She met a man," said Mrs. Vandercomb, speaking very swiftly. "He seemed—delightful. Just a dear friend. She never dreamt that there was the slightest danger of—of anything else. She loved her husband, you see. They 'd never had a quarrel—not one. But, for all that, she—lost her head."

Audrey had trembled, gone hot, gone cold, and now sat trying to think calmly and appear calm, feeling certain that Mrs. Vandercomb had found out about her affair with Paul. Vodka violets, the gramophone record, the box of coffee-coloured cigarettes, all seemed silently betraying her.

"Blackmail!" she thought, quaking. "Blackmail!"

"She was ever so foolish," went on Mrs. Vandercomb. "Wrote him notes and all that. And then, suddenly, just before her husband's return, this man showed his hand. Yes—blackmail. You 've guessed. I can see that in your eyes. He demanded money. The whole world seemed overturned. I see you 've guessed, too, that I was the wicked fool. He threatened to send my stupid little letters to my husband. I was in despair. I paid him £3,000.

"You 're wondering what all this has to do with you," Mrs. Vandercomb went on. "I 'll explain. Two days ago I saw him in the village here. Yesterday I saw you two together——"

"Us two?" breathed Audrey.

"You and André Chardin."

"No," Audrey said, relief welling, "you 're making a mistake. I——"

"P'raps," broke in Mrs. Vandercomb, "he 's not French this time. Two years ago I saw him in Brighton. I had the curiosity to engage a private detective. He was then passing as an Englishman, Jack Ramsay, axed from the Navy. The detective discovered that a month before André had been in Paris. A Pole then, apparently, he called himself Count Zygmunt Kraszewski."

"I 've never heard of Jack Ramsay or Count—Count What 's-his-name," said Audrey. "And as I 'm in a hurry I hope you——"

"A pressing appointment with—Paul Petrousky, perhaps?" suggested Mrs. Vandercomb, then exclaimed: "So that 's the name of the moment! The Russian princeling! But I 'm surprised. The detective said he was only Petrousky when dealing with snobs from Surbiton—like poor little Mrs. Ball. She disgorged—a few hundred pounds—but later on the still, small voice of conscience became the hiss of escaping gas. A piteous little tragedy."

"Are—are you suggesting that he—he 's a blackmailer?" asked Audrey, panic battling with her incredulity.

"Certainly not!" said Mrs. Vandercomb briskly. "I 'm suggesting nothing. I 'm stating facts. He got £3,000, as I say, out of me. I thought it unthinkable, too. I believed in him as implicitly as you do."

Once in love with Paul, still in love with Paul, Audrey thought. Longing and trying to break up their friendship. It was obvious.

"I 'm expecting him at any moment," she said, feeling certain that Mrs. Vandercomb would be scared into saying she must go immediately.

"I 'd like to meet him," said Mrs. Vandercomb, and her lower jaw shot out and her small hands clenched, "and I 'd like you to be present at our meeting."

"I shall be—if you stay much longer," Audrey warned her. "And I shall tell him all you 've said."

"Before you he 'll deny everything," said Mrs. Vandercomb. "Mrs. Dunnage, I see a door over there. Suppose when he arrived you were behind that door, hearing and seeing everything, I think I might surprise the truth out of him."

Through the window Audrey caught sight of the low, black limousine coming down the drive.

"I don't believe one word," she said, standing up. "And to show my certainty of him and my distrust of you I 'll wait in the ante-room as you suggest for—five minutes."

From her hiding-place, Audrey saw Paul step in, was shocked by his whispered "You!", and heard Mrs. Vandercomb's "A surprise? And not such a pleasant one, André Chardin."

"Forgive me," said Paul, apparently quite at his ease. "I mistook you for somebody else."

"Don't overdo it!" exclaimed Mrs. Vandercomb. "Have I got to identify you by mentioning that trefoil mole on your hip? You needn't look round the room like a rat in a trap. Mrs. Dunnage won't be home for an hour at least."

"What are you doing here?" he demanded. "Are you her friend?"

"Her best—if she only knew it. She looks a very jolly little sort—much too jolly to go through what you put me through or the tortures you gave Mrs. Gallagher."

"Marcella!" he exclaimed. "You know her!"

"When I knew her she was young, rich, happy. Then she fell in with you. And she was brave. She defied you, didn't she? You sent her letters one by one to her husband. It ended in his—half-killing her. He shot himself, and she 's a wreck in mind and body. If you 'd seen her at the asylum——"

"It 's always jolly to talk over old days with a friend," he broke in, smiling, "but my time 's valuable—as perhaps you remember."

All trace of the foreign accent that had thrilled Audrey was gone. Hidden and quaking in terror, she realised that Arthur would believe—any husband must believe—the worst. He would be through with her—for keeps. He might treat her as that other husband had treated the woman called Marcella. It was terrible. She was afraid she was going to be sick. . . .

"My lovely Sonia," asked Paul, "what exactly is your little game?"

"It 's no game," answered Mrs. Vandercomb. "I 'm in dead earnest. Unless you leave Anse des Pins within twenty-four hours I 'll tell Mrs. Dunnage exactly how you treated me."

"And then," said he with a laugh, "it will be my word against yours. If I flippantly suggested that two and two made five she 'd scoff if you knelt and swore that they made four. She will believe what I mean to tell her, that you 're a jealous woman, a woman I 've avoided for years, one of those hideous creatures who, nursing a hopeless passion, relentlessly pursue a man and would commit murder to attain their ends."

"What choice clichés!" ejaculated Mrs. Vandercomb. "P'raps you 're right, though. Maybe she won't believe me. But she 'll believe her own eyes. You were very reluctant to give me that receipt for the £3,000 hush money I paid over, weren't you? Well, you were wise, for I 've been just as reluctant to destroy it."

"You 've got it—*here*?"

"Never mind where. I 've got it. And when she sees it she 'll believe all right."

AUDREY leant back against the wall, a turbine seeming to be in action within her, and thought, "Fool, to be taken in! Fool to write to him! Fool to give him that gold cigarette-case! Fool—fool—fool! fool!"

Despair made her try to drive a bargain (as the weak do). With fast-shut eyes she prayed. "Deliver me. I 'll be good, I promise. I 'll never let another man look at me twice. I 'll never let Arthur down again in thought, word, or deed."

"Let 's suppose she believes the worst," he said. "You only force me to act a little earlier than I meant to. I 've letters from her. Fourteen. Quite enough—though I admit they aren't quite so compromising as your vapourings were. And now it 's my turn to threaten. If you dare breathe one word about our affair I 'll communicate with your husband."

"Will you? No."

"I swear I will."

"You can't," said Mrs. Vandercomb. "Nobody can."

"He 's dead?" ejaculated Paul.

"Now," said Mrs. Vandercomb triumphantly, "you 're beginning to understand who 's got the whiphand!"

Hearing his swift footsteps and Mrs. Vandercomb's terrified intake of breath, Audrey peeped through the slit of the door again, blue eyes mere marbles, mouth wide open, eyebrows two arches to carry the double lines of horror that crossed her forehead.

Paul had seized Mrs. Vandercomb's upper arms and was staring at her, saying:

"If I thought you had that receipt on you I 'd strip you stark till I found it. If you tell her one word of all this you 'll learn that hydrochloric acid 's a very poor face lotion. D'you get me, Sonia?"

"I 'm not afraid," said Mrs. Vandercomb, but she sounded terrified.

"You 'd better be," said he, and released her left arm, brought his open hand down across her cheek in a resounding slap, then added: "All the servants are dancing on the Plage. Scream if it will relieve your feelings, Sonia, my dear."

Audrey heard Mrs. Vandercomb's sharp intake of breath and saw her face distort as Paul caught her by the throat. The horrible gurgling sound that broke from Mrs. Vandercomb's lips made Audrey swing open the door and totter into the room.

"Mrs. Dunnage!" ejaculated Paul. "I 'm so glad you 've come! Your poor friend has fainted——"

(Continued on page viii)

The All Blacks' Devonport Debut: By H. H. Harris

Below: T. H. C. Caughey although suffering from a Newton Abbot bee-sting on the mouth, was great in the line-out

R. R. King, like most of the All Blacks, is very well furnished "upstairs"

J. E. Manchester and A. Mahoney showed the sailors of Devonport how to wear bags before the kick off, and Manager Meredith showed the yachtsmen how to wear the double-breasted

Left: the diminutive M. Corner did some terrier work on the heels of his forwards

H. F. McLean spent most of the afternoon at "silly mid-on-nowhere"

J. R. Page in his plus-fours was the Beau Brummel of the team

G. Gilbert, the full-back, showed the crowd grand pairs of hands and feet

W. Hadley has a habit of reaching after the ball with both feet after the opposition has hooked

G. F. Hart is a real flyer

Women's Golf:

Australia and Central England

By Eleanor E. Helme

The finalists in the Central England Mixed Foursomes at Woodhall Spa—D. S. Piper (Sleaford) and Miss Bridget Newell are on the left; their opponents are F. H. and Mrs. Bowman (Seacroft). Bridget Newell holds the "Bystander" Autumn and Scottish Foursomes, and was runner-up in the Northern. She also holds the Midland Foursomes

Below: a snapshot taken by Miss Molly Gourlay of the finalists in the Swedish Championships, played at Kevinge. The winner, Miss Karin Timberg, is on the right, her opponent being Miss T. Ramsden

Members of the British touring team snapped by Mrs. Hodson, the captain-manager, with some of the English colony who helped to entertain them at Aden. They are Miss Pam Barton (left), Mrs. J. B. Walker, Mrs. Greenlees, Miss Phyllis Wade, and Miss Jessie Anderson

DEAR BYSTANDER,

NOT much connection, you are doubtless thinking, between the two. But what can one do? Here is a whole packet of interesting news from the captain-manager of the British touring team, and at the same time here am I at Woodhall Spa, where the Central England Mixed Foursomes have just come to an end with a win for Miss Bridget Newell and Mr. Donald Piper.

I wish there was space for the whole of Mrs. Hodson's report of the doings "down under." She has the pen of such a very ready writer. But since that is impossible, we must take out the titbits. So the golf at Colombo and their first match in Australia, when, after a wonderful welcome, they beat the West Australian team by all five matches, must be passed over, and we arrive at the day when the team played combined South and West at Kooyonga. Miss Katherine Rymill, the Western Australian champion, whom we remember as the first Australian who ever came to Stoke Poges for the Girls' Championship, led the side as South Australian champion. I have come to the conclusion that "Girls will be champions" ought to be the slogan of Stoke. Every champion seems to have been a "Girl" once, even if every girl cannot grow into a champion.

Our team won—and now let Mrs. Hodson go on with the story:

"Afternoon tea as guests of the Associates of Kooyonga G. C. Then dinner at Queen Adelaide Club, given by the president of the S. A. Ladies' Golf Union, Mrs. W. K. Neill. . . . Speeches of welcome and appreciation of the visit of the British team—'a long-looked-for dream come true'—by Mrs. Neill and Miss Clift. A really delightful evening.

"ON Tuesday morning the two teams and officials of the Australian and South Australian Ladies' Golf Unions visited Government House and were presented to the Governor and his wife, Lady Dugan. Then on to lunch with Mrs. Lewis, captain of the Royal Adelaide Club, at her beautiful home with a wonderful garden, which was just showing the promise of spring—and on to the Kooyonga Club again for an exhibition four-ball best-ball match between Miss Barton and Mrs. Greenlees on the one side and Miss Anderson and Miss Wade on the other. All four played good golf, but Miss Anderson was really outstanding, and her side won the match by 3 and 2—followed by a crowd of some 500 people—an excellent number, considering the men were holding their championship on a nearby course.

"THE match was followed by tea—given by the S. A. Ladies' Golf Union at the club—and Miss Clift voiced the thanks of the Australian L.G.U. to the club and all attached thereto who had helped to make the visit of the British team such a success. The British captain-manager endorsed all that Miss Clift said with regard to the excellence of the arrangements and the thanks due to all who had helped in various ways. She also, on behalf of the team, expressed their appreciation of all that had been done for their comfort and happiness, regretting that their stay could not last longer."

WE must get back to Woodhall Spa, a spot for which, as you know, I have a great affection. The drought had dealt hardly with the course, and then, as if out of cussedness, we had more than enough of rain during the Central England Foursomes themselves. But the layout of the course remains as full of charm and wile as ever, the heather and the birches are as beautiful, and there are still little wild gentians to be found growing in the rough. I am sure that the visitors enjoyed themselves just as much as I did, and there was some very fine golf. The enormous improvement in Miss Bridget Newell remains one of the chief impressions, and the delightful way Mr. T. H. Bowman hits the ball—especially those delicate pitches—and the putts rolled in so smoothly. His golf is a joy to watch.

IT is always hailed as an achievement for a back-marking couple to come through, and yet, on the whole, they seem to do it more often than not, however many strokes they may have to give. Miss Newell and Mr. Donald Piper began by giving five to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Wells, of Woodhall; then six to Dr. Hunt and Mrs. Ladds; none to Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Bloomer; six to Miss Curnow and Mr. J. E. Chadwick; and finally, three to Mr. and Mrs. Bowman. I don't think they ever really looked like being beaten. Not that their golf was impeccable, but Miss Newell's long game was extremely good; her partner has a beautiful run-up for use in emergencies, and the fates were kind, not once or twice, but repeatedly. It seemed rather as if the final would be between them and Miss Cradock-Hartopp, who has partnered Miss Newell and has been her prop and stay through so many of the foursomes which they have won together. But though Miss Hartopp played well and her partner Mr. B. H. Valentine, did wonderfully considering that he has spent the summer playing cricket for Kent and only came to Woodhall for his second round of the year or something comic like that, they could not get beyond the semi-final, where the Bowmans beat them, with the aid of two strokes, on the last green.

Mrs. Bowman contributed some excellent chips and putts and drove well enough according to normal lights, only Miss Newell's is such exceedingly high candle-power, not to say floodlighting. So, though the final was square at the turn, Miss Newell's side had it pretty well in their grasp after that and won by 3 and 2. After which, au revoir till Birkdale for some, and for others till Seacroft sees BYSTANDER Foursomes in Lincolnshire next spring.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Among the many interesting changes and innovations that have taken place this autumn is the revival of the afternoon frock which was completely eclipsed for so long. The model on the right may be seen at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. It is carried out in black romaine, and is becomingly draped across the front. The bishop sleeves are drawn into a deep cuff, and the neckline is softened by a monk's collar in pale blue velvet which ties at the back. Grey and white spotted taffeta makes another charming frock with a flared tunic and balloon sleeves. Velvet, both black and coloured, is extremely smart for afternoon wear, especially when accompanied by a fur-trimmed coat of the same material

Photo by Lenare

Feathers and Felt Make Distinctive Hats

It is difficult to sum up the autumn trend in millinery, as every day brings new variations. There are, however, certain pronounced movements, such as the halo, beret and pointed crown. The picturesque is expressed in the wide-brimmed hat at the top of the page which, together with the other three hats, may be seen at Fenwick's, 63, New Bond Street. It is made of felt, simply trimmed with a feather mount, and costs 29s. 6d. Below it is a halo also in felt, with a velvet bandeau draped across the forehead

The Italian influence which is playing such an important rôle in the dress world this season, is emphasized in these two hats. Above is a Renaissance beret in felt. It is becomingly draped and has a bunch of tulle at one side. The price is 39s. 6d., and it is available in several other lovely colours. The political situation abroad makes the hat on the left of topical interest, as it suggests the Italian Bersaglieri. It is made in a dull shade of olive green felt, trimmed with cocks' feathers, and costs 39s. 6d

Photos by Philip Harben

Fur and Wool For the Winter

There is nothing so becoming as fur, nor so warm. The coat above is made in squirrel flank, dyed a lovely shade of brown, known as "Romance." It is three-quarter length, like so many of the new coats this season, and has a modified backward swing. The stand collar has cravat ends and may be worn up or down, while the full sleeves are narrow at the wrist. At Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, it only costs fifteen guineas. The suit in the top right-hand corner is designed by Liberty, Regent Street. It consists of a frock and short coat, carried out in fine wool with an angora finish. The frock is cut on simple lines with inverted pleats in the skirt and a square neck. The wide belt and patch pockets are in a contrasting striped material of gay colouring. This idea is repeated in the coat collar which is cleverly draped with envelope revers. Below is a charming pull-over from Jaeger, 204, Regent Street. It is knitted in wide ribs, and has a roll collar and tie ends. The accessories which include cap, scarf, and belt come from the same firm

Photos by Lenare

Lingerie That Is Different

Mary Queen of Scots might well have designed the black velvet rest gown at the top of the page. It is cut on Elizabethan lines with a short waist and wide-spread skirt. The ivory collar and cuffs are quilted, and the price is 73s. 6d. Next to it is a green crêpe romaine night-gown with a black stencilled design. The full bishop sleeves and severe ciré bow at the neck introduce a new note, though it is also available with a cowl neck and no sleeves. On the left is a set of chemise and knickers in the same material as the night-dress. Both garments are encrusted with black lace, and may be seen at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, together with the other things on this page

Photos by Lenare

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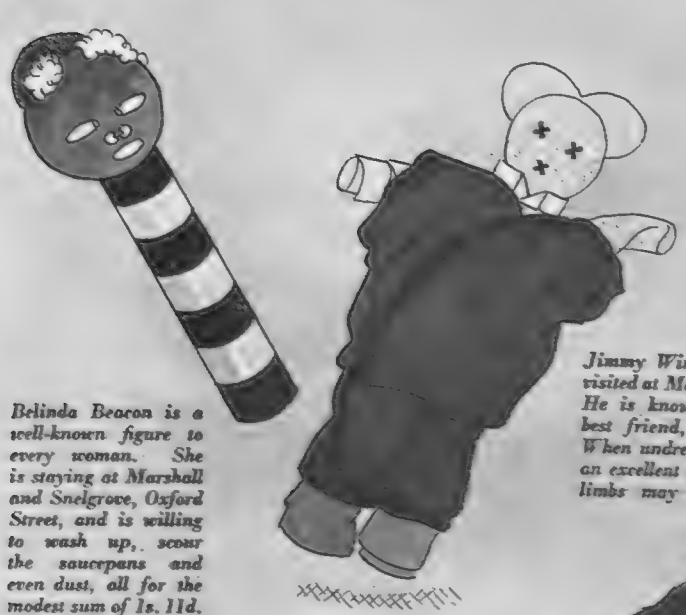
The Bystander Turns in search of Novelties

discovered by peta; pictured by pann.



Belinda Beacon is a well-known figure to every woman. She is staying at Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, and is willing to wash up, scour the saucepans and even dust, all for the modest sum of 1s. 11d.

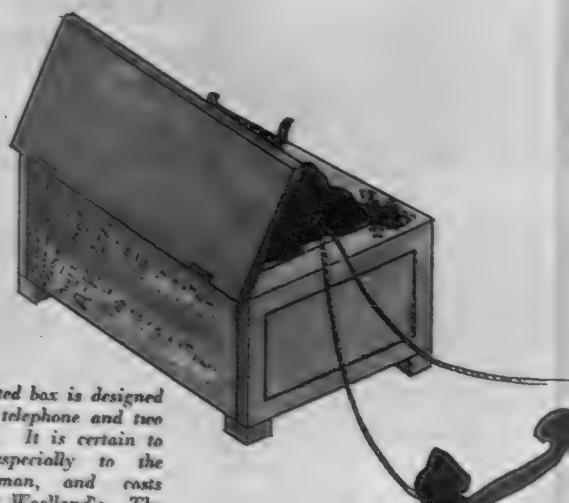
Jimmy Windscreen may also be visited at Marshall and Snelgrove. He is known as the motorist's best friend, and costs 2s. 3d. When undressed his suit becomes an excellent car polisher, and his limbs may be used as mops

Brightly coloured scarves and gloves add greatly to the charm of country clothes. These may be seen at Gooch's, Knightsbridge. The scarf is reversible with a background of brown, red and beige, while the gloves are knitted in red wool with beehive gauntlets

This delightful vanity case with a lightning fastener is called the "Zip-Jack." It is fitted with everything a woman needs from comb to lipstick, and may be seen at Woolland's. The price is from 14s. 9d., according to whether the case is made of morocco, suède or moiré

All black is sometimes rather sombre, so Woolland's, Knightsbridge, have designed this charming set of collar and cuffs in seed pearls. They are detachable, and are sold separately or together

Gloves as a whole are long and plain for the evening. These are made of silk with a kid palm and stitched elbow frills. At Gooch's, they are available in black and navy and cost one guinea



This painted box is designed to hold a telephone and two directories. It is certain to appeal, especially to the busy woman, and costs 25s. 9d. at Woolland's. The flowers are hand-painted, and it is made in several shades

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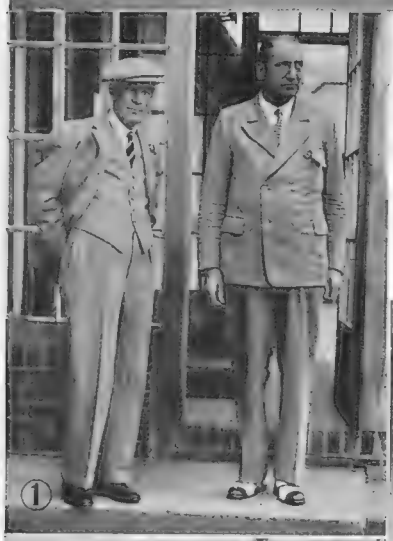

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The Irish Open Amateur Golf Championship

By J. S. F. Morrison

The finalists in the Danish Open Championship played in Copenhagen. The winner, A. C. Brown, of Dumfries (right), beat S. Lignell by 2 and 1

Two of the competitors in this year's Kent Cob fixture at Knole Park. They are L. G. Crawley (Brancepeth Castle) and E. H. Moss (Knole Park)

Another pair of Kent Cob competitors are seen above in J. O. H. Greenly and K. B. Scott. They are both Oxford Blues

LITTLE golf of importance is played in August, but September is always a busy month in the golfing world. In September numerous golf meetings of importance are decided, including the Irish Open Amateur Championship which is usually played early in the month, the *News of the World* Professional Tournament, which is considered the match-play championship of the professionals, the Central England Mixed Foursomes, which are played under handicap at Woodhall Spa, the Kent Cob Competition at Knole Park, and the Bishop's Bowl Competition at the Wildernesse Country Club—these last two competitions are played on consecutive days and under handicap, and it is seldom that a player who does not receive strokes, is successful in either, in spite of the fact that Walker Cup players take part.

AT St. Andrews the Jubilee Vase, which is a single competition under handicap, and the Calcutta Cup, which is a foursome competition under handicap, take place. These latter competitions are two of the very few in which players, who finish all square, are not required to do extra holes, but both or all qualify for the next round. The chief prize of the Royal and Ancient Club, namely, the King William the Fourth Medal, is always played for on the last Wednesday in September, and goes to the player who holes the links in the smallest number of strokes, and on the same day, the Queensland Silver Boomerang goes to the player who returns the best card under handicap. The English Ladies' Close Championship is usually played at the end of September or early in October. The American Amateur Championship is also usually played in September, and also the Ryder Cup match, when it is decided in the United States.

I WAS present at the Irish Open Amateur Championship this year, and watched some very good and very interesting golf. Early in the year, before any important golf for the good players had taken place, I wrote that Hector Thomson, Williamwood Golf Club, was the best player in the British Isles, and I am glad to write that nothing has since occurred to make me change my opinion. Thomson was beaten in the first round of the Amateur Championship at St. Annes, but since then has won the Scottish Close Championship and the Irish Open Amateur Championship.

I have lately been watching Thomson win the Irish Open Amateur Championship against a large and a good field, and I must say that his play impressed me even more than it had previously. Thomson had a very easy journey to victory, and on no occasion was he required to play the last three holes of any match, and he murdered Dr. W. Tweddell, the runner-up to Lawson Little at St. Annes, by the overwhelming margin of eight up and seven to play.

Hector Thomson is tall and thin, but has broad shoulders and long arms, in fact, if you eliminate the broad shoulders, looks similar to Jim Barnes, when he won the Open at Prestwick; he does not take the club back very much further than what is known as a three-quarter swing, but he has a beautiful and very full follow through; he swings the club in a very wide arc, and by this means obtains great length with apparently little effort, which is what we all should strive to do; he hits his chips and pitches firmer than the ordinary good player dares, and his putting, both when playing approach putts and holing out, is sound and convincing, although he takes a longer grip of the club for these shots than the majority of recognised good putters; the swing for his full shots is extremely similar to that of Horton Smith, the well-known American professional.

THOMSON also has a good match-play temperament, but at the beginning of his match in the semi-finals against Sean (which is the Irish for John) Burke, he appeared frightened of his opponent and offered him openings at the first two holes by starting 5, 5. Burke, however, failed to get his fours, and what chance he ever had of extending the final winner was gone. The second hole in this match had a great bearing on the final result. After two good tee shots Thomson had to play first and only half hit his iron shot, and finished about 70 yards short of the green; Burke, to the disappointment of his Irish supporters, failed to seize his opportunity, played just short of the green, and from there failed to get down in two and allowed his opponent to snatch a half. After this, Thomson played one bad shot before settling down to his usual game; at the fourth hole he palpably mishit his wooden club second, but his swing is so good that the ball finished only a few yards to the left of the green from where he played a bold pitch and run, which left his ball dead, and Burke, who had played the hole perfectly, could only claim a half.

AFTER the fourth hole Thomson gave Burke no more openings, and finally won comfortably. The general standard of play in this Irish Championship at Portrush was very high, in fact, I think higher than that seen at St. Annes in the Amateur Championship. The links has (I hope the Editor does not alter the last word into "have") lately been extensively altered, and new country has been brought into play; it was highly praised by all the competitors with whom I discussed it, and it will certainly in a few years, when it has had time to settle down, be one of the best courses in the world. Good players win on good courses, and this was proved by the names of those who got into the last eight; they included seven international players, six champions, and four Walker Cup players; the other player, who is to date unknown, was W. R. Rea, of Helensburgh, who is an extremely good golfer, and had the advantage of an intimate knowledge of the links, as he had, just previous to this Championship, spent his holidays at Portrush.

If the last eight in this Championship, namely, W. R. Rea, McLean, Burke, Woollam, H. G. Bentley, Zacharias, Dr. Tweddell, and Thomson, were selected to represent Great Britain in the Walker Cup match against America next year they would probably put up as good a performance as the team which will eventually be chosen.

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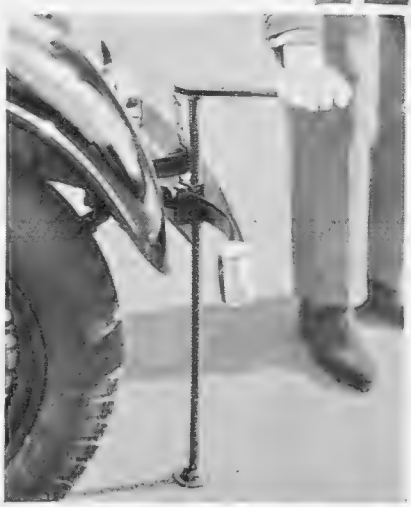

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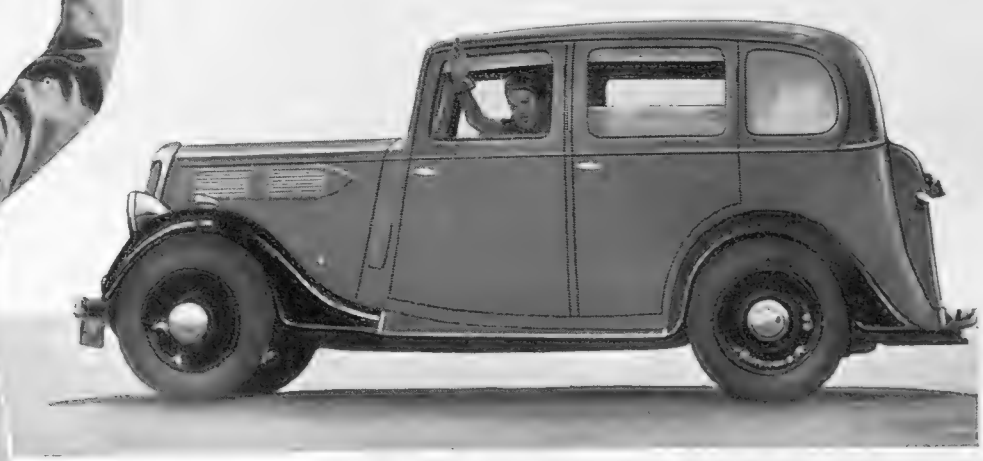

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Flying for Money

By Charles Ward

At Heston — Sir Derwent Hall-Caine, who has his own aerodrome in the Isle of Man, Miss Paddy Naismith, with Mr. Ralph Munday on the right

Pilots Wanted

THE R.A.F. needs pilots, but has its own methods of selection and training. In order to cater for the needs of the immediate future, a large number of appointments are being made to the R.A.F. in the form of temporary commissions and in the category of airman pilots. Several new Reserve Schools have been started, and more are scheduled for the spring, when aerodromes and accommodation are ready. Air Service Training, de Havilland's, Phillips and Powis, Reid and Sigrist are amongst the successful tenderers for additional schools. One new type of trainer will be seen in use—that designed by F. G. Miles, which did so well in the King's Cup Race. The others will be Tiger Moths, Avro Cadets or Tutors, and the B.2, a modified Blackburn "Bluebird," the original side-by-side seater. So much for the Air Force, which, though so important in the scheme of defence, does not cover half the flying needs of the country. Civil aviation is rapidly overhauling the Service in the logged total of flying hours. Civil schools and the air lines or other operating concerns that they feed, are feeling the need for fresh material. Only last week I was asked if I knew of six instructors for immediate employment. They were not to be found anywhere in England, except by the process of enticing people away from existing jobs, so that the search was unsatisfactory. All of which leads to the conclusion that there will be many vacancies for first-class pilots next year, though there is no room for those who can just fly and do nothing else.

Training at Hamble

THE leading civilian school is at Hamble, where Air Service Training has been established for some years. Pupils, both Service and civil, British and foreign, can learn anything from the simple art of flying to the complications of navigation, wireless, parachuting, engineering, and the like. During August, this school flew more than 1,300 hours, students including twenty-seven young men destined for the R.A.F., of whom five were en route to the Service College at Cranwell. The social and sporting side at Hamble has been particularly to the fore this summer. The End of Term Dance for students taking the Long Course, was held at the beginning of August, and voted a huge success. The one regret was that Sir John Siddeley,

(Continued on page vi)

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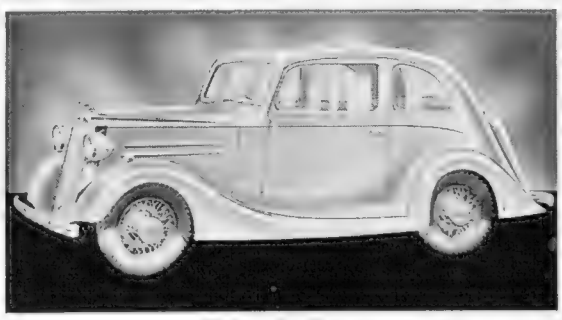

VAUXHALL LIGHT SIX COUPE - £245.

Flying for Money (Continued from page iv)

founder of the School, was unable to be present. At cricket, Hamble has not proved itself the equal of its adversaries, but next year, there will be two matches each week, so, with more practice, the School may retrieve its fortunes in this respect. The swimming pool, built by student labour, has proved a great boon during the hot weather.

Lighter 'Planes

THE search for the lightest type of light 'plane continues, the incentive being the lighter the cheaper and, therefore, the nearer approach to something everyone can buy. Even hard-headed motor-car dealers in a big way are thinking in terms of hundreds of aeroplanes a week, which is vain thinking at present. The day of Mr. Everyman's aeroplane is not yet. Flying must be made simpler as well as cheaper. M. Mignet may have pointed the way, but the "Flea" is a single-seater, and even a motor-cycle has its bracket for flapper. No young lady of any proportions could be accommodated in the locker of the "Flea." At Hanworth, there is the "Aeronca," a Canadian 'plane with a Jap engine. It is a side-by-sider cabin, selling at £395 complete. "Bones" Brady, of Aircraft Exchange and Mart, and J. A. Prestwich, from whom the Jap engines take their name, are behind its production in England. This is an approach to the cheap light 'plane, and if it attracts 100 new owners, its advent will have been worth while. The "Moth" and "Hawk" started in this way, but each succeeding model has been larger, faster, and more expensive. Some day a manufacturer will reverse the process and make every new type smaller, not necessarily slower, but certainly cheaper. Meantime, the number of "Fleas" scheduled to fly in the spring is running into hundreds, and there 's a lot to be gained by building a "Flea," even though it cannot accommodate a flapper or her aerial equivalent. I owe an apology to Mrs. Battye, who was the pilot of Mrs. McDonald's "Hawk" in the race for the Helene Boucher Trophy, when they secured third place. Mrs. McDonald is a pilot with about fifty hours' solo experience, but Mrs. Battye has 700 hours to her credit, and, in addition, is an expert navigator. At the Cinque Ports Club, Miss Paula Baird, from Hastings, has secured an "A" licence, and Mr. Jack Dunn, runner-up for the world's amateur skating championship, has made a successful first solo. Amongst new members is numbered Miss Jeanne de Casalis.

Flying in Scotland—Viscount Cowdray, on the left, at Dunecht House, Aberdeenshire, with Captain Scott and the Hon. John Hare

What's On (Continued from page D)

EXHIBITIONS

ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR AND EXHIBITION: Grosvenor House, from September 27th.

LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY: R. W. S. Galleries, Pall Mall East.

MODERN PORTRAITURE.—By the Professional Photographers' Association: Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY AUTUMN SHOW: Olympia, September 25th-27th.

DANCING AND DINING

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Elisabeth Welch, the coloured singer, entertains; Jack Harris and his famous band play; you can dance without dressing on the balcony: extension, Wednesday.

CARLTON.—There 'll be a band for dancing and a cabaret to see sometime next week.

DORCHESTER.—Re-opening night of the Midnight Follies—the Hollywood Girls—on September 19th; Jack Jackson's band supplies excellent dance music: extension, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The Arnaut Brothers, and the Carr Brothers and Betty provide cabaret, and Syd Lipton the dance music: extension, Thursday.

LANSDOWNE HOUSE.—There 's a good band, and you can dance in any clothes; no cabaret.

NEW CLARGES RESTAURANT.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are good, and fish dishes are a speciality.

PRUNIER'S.—This is the place in the oyster season, and for all fish foods; the atmosphere is informal, and there 's no music.

QUAGLINO'S.—Walsh and Barker, the two Americans whom London seems to love, are here again; Van Straten's band plays; evening dress is optional "downstairs" extension, Wednesday.

RITZ.—Opening night of the new Café Chantant season is September 30th.

SAN MARCO.—Mantovani's band is one of London's most attractive—and quiet; one must dress to dance: extension Wednesday.

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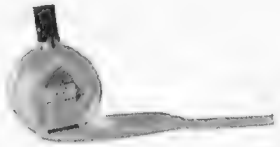

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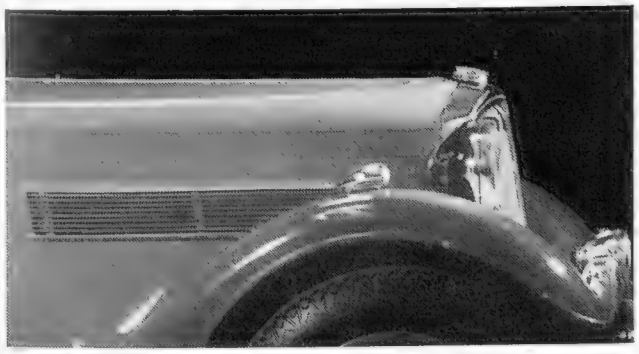

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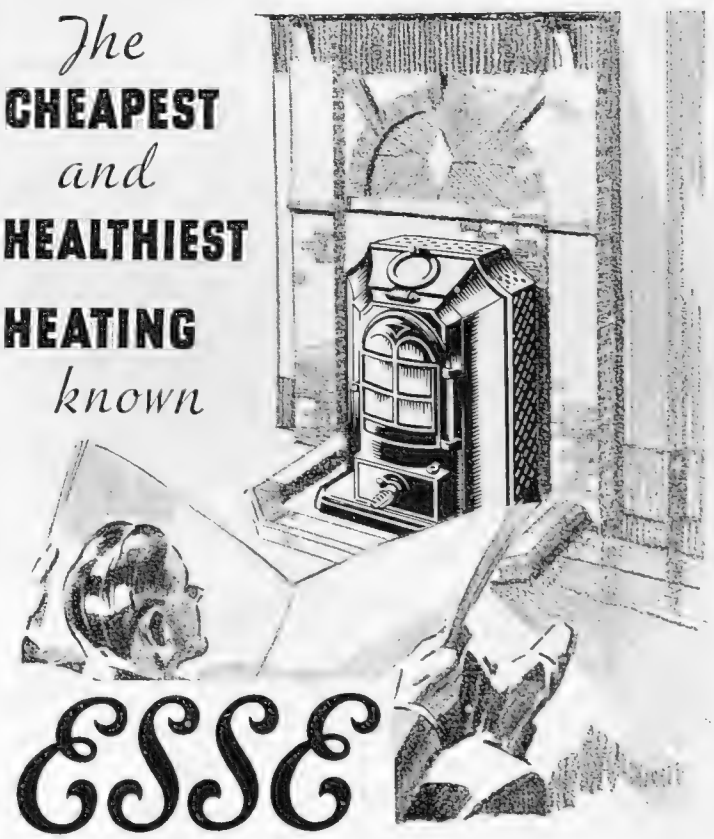

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Simple Lines for Smart Accessories

It is no exaggeration to say that accessories are the most important part of a woman's wardrobe, as if they strike a discordant note, the effect is so jarring that everything else is forgotten. Gloves and bag should harmonise, and with day clothes, a severe simplicity is preferable to anything over elaborate and fussy. In the evening, however, rich colours and decorative jewelled embroidery is permitted with bags, though gloves remain simple. Nowhere is the art of dressing better understood than at Jay's, Regent Street, where fashion's latest whims are cleverly interpreted. It is their accessories, however, that are of interest at the moment, including the bags and gloves on this page. For the morning, there is the brown suède bag in the top left-hand corner. It is simple in design and relieved by stitched bands of calf which form a square handle. The gloves which accompany it are plain gauntlets with kid palms and a chain bracelet effect at the wrist. Below is a smaller and less severe bag for afternoon use. It is made from a dull, fancy silk, lined with satin, and fitted with a purse and vanity case. The gloves are of suède with white piping on the gauntlets. They are very slimming to the hands and have no stitching on the back, which is a new note. For the evening, long suède gloves dyed to match or contrast with the frock, are very fashionable. These are worn slightly rucked and are devoid of all trimming. The bag, however, is heavily embroidered with pearls and silver sequins. There are others in gold and silver kid at prices ranging from one guinea, also a large number of day bags in suède and calf for the same price. Then for wearing with country clothes, there are delightful check tweed bags with scarves to match for 35s.

Snake-bite *(Continued from page 516)*

Swiftly his fingers fell from Mrs. Vandercomb's throat and he lifted her, carried her to the sofa, and laid her gently down on the outstretched fur coat.

"You 'd better not try to talk," he said, and the awful menace in his tones made Audrey shiver. "Just lie—quite—still."

She might be able to dart to the telephone, Audrey realised. But if the police came the whole affair would be made public. There were her letters. She gulped. No use appealing to him. He was utterly ruthless. He had made someone gas herself. . . . That other woman in the asylum. . . . She was trapped—utterly done in.

Paul sat down on the edge of the sofa, stroked Mrs. Vandercomb's cheek, and murmured, sadly smiling:

"Directly I came in a minute or so ago I felt sure she was in for a go of something or other. Hysteria. A brain-storm. Irresponsible."

"Get up, please," Audrey said, trembling so violently that the words were blurred. "You 've some letters of mine. I want them back."

"But, why——"

He had been sauntering forward, but noting that she drew back, he came to a standstill and asked:

"You overheard?"

She nodded.

"You believe——?"

"I believe all you 've admitted," she answered, shuddering violently.

"Then I 'll be explicit," he said briskly. "Would a couple of thousand pounds seem too paltry a price for such pretty bits of writing?"

"I haven't got it—not a fraction of it!"

"Arthur Dunnage's wife has unlimited credit. The bank isn't shut. Let us go there and exchange—note for note, and finish our little business—for ever."

Fingering her throat, Mrs. Vandercomb tried to sit up, then fell back against the sable coat, her eyes shut, her mouth wide open

Audrey went to her.

"Lie still," she said, and Mrs. Vandercomb's eyelids fluttered up as she tried to smile reassuringly. "I shan't be long. I 'll pay because I 've no choice. You 're safe here. Wait for me. Don't move.'

"I won't," Mrs. Vandercomb managed to whisper. "I—I can't."

In the low, black limousine at Paul's elbow, Audrey was driven to the bank, and there with difficulty managed to raise two thousand pounds. Over the side of the car she exchanged the notes for her letters.

"You—beast!" she then cried, bursting into tears.

"I was a fool not to say three thousand!" he exclaimed, laughing, then let the car shoot away.

That night a very dusty low, black limousine (hired from a garage at Anse des Pins) was discovered abandoned in the Piazza Castello in Turin. By that time the man who had called himself Paul Petrousky sat in a compartment of an express bound for the Austrian frontier.

"Vienna be it," he was saying to the woman opposite. "You 've always wanted to hear the State Opera House orchestra, and I 've pined to see the Van Dycks in the Liechtenstein Gallery. By the way, remind me to wire Eagleton first thing to meet us and collect the loot."

"Not all of it," said she, and slipped off the seat on to his knee "Let me keep just one thing back. I was so busy ransacking the bedroom for all the rings and necklaces and things, that I nearly forgot this gorgeous sable coat. And, that reminds me, Sweetest Thing, *you* forgot something, too. Kindly remember in future that your beloved little wife's throat isn't made of cast iron!"

III.

What Mrs. Dunnage Said.

"I know," said the lovely Audrey Dunnage to the encyclopædic dean, and smiled as her eyes met her adoring husband's. "A woman I used to know was entirely cured by a snake-bite."

"What was her ailment?" inquired the dean.

"So far as I remember," said Mrs. Dunnage, wrinkling her forehead, "it was some—er—cardiac irregularity."

THE END.

All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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STANCE

IF the Palace were in the middle of the Black Country or alongside a cotton mill it would still be worth visiting. That it forms a background to one of the most priceless gems on the English—or any other—coast doubles, trebles or infinitely multiplies (it all depends on the value you attach to position) its attractiveness. And it is doubtful if, at this season of the year, there is a more utterly satisfying holiday in the whole world. Everything from golf to talkies included in the terms.

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"BOOM . . . ?": *by C. Patrick Thompson.*
"ONE—NOT TWO": *by Achmed Abdullah.*
"FUN": *by May Edginton.*
"WHY NOT?": *by H. T. W. Bousfield.*
FOR BLONDES—AND OTHERS. *Jean Harlow talks about Clothes.*
"THE IDEAL HE": *by George Froxfield.*
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GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Bassano

Myra Tiarks

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Tiarks, of Foxbury, Chislehurst, Kent, and is to marry Richard Herbert Mallock, eldest son of the late Major C. H. Mallock, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Mallock-Bogle, of 4, Queen's Gate Place, S.W.7

Hay Wrightson

Alice Geyelin

Is engaged to David Hope Henderson, the eldest son of the Hon. Philip and Mrs. Henderson, of 39, Gloucester Square, W.; she is the younger daughter of Mr. Anthony Geyelin, of Philadelphia, U.S.A., and of Mrs. Edward Nugent Head, of 4, Chesham Place, S.W.

Kay Vaughan

Barbara Knight

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Knight, of Sheffield, and Chiltern Court, Baker Street, N.W.1; she is to marry Geoffrey Walter Williams, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Williams, of Statham, Norfolk, and Hawle, Cornwall

Lafayette

Elizabeth Lambton

Is to marry Oliver Charles Beauchamp St. John, elder son of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Beauchamp St. John, K.C.I.E., C.B.E., and Lady St. John, early in November; she is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Lambton, of Gables, Rotherfield, Sussex

Pearl Freeman

Janet Jardine

Is the elder daughter of Brig.-General J. B. Jardine, C.M.G., and Mrs. Jardine, of Chesterknowes, Selkirk, and is engaged to W. Browne-Clayton, 12th Royal Lancers, only son of Brig.-Gen. Browne-Clayton, D.S.O., and the late Mrs. Browne-Clayton, of Browne's Hill, Carlow, Ireland

Kay Vaughan

Beatrice Cook

Is engaged to Leonard Maple Colman, elder son of Mr. Jeremiah Colman, J.P., and the late Mrs. Colman, of Grand Avenue, Hove, and Queen Anne's Mansions, St. James's Park, S.W.; she is the only child of Mrs. B. M. Cook, of Clarence Gate, Regent's Park

Peter North

Barbara Close

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Close, of Woolgate, Camberley, Surrey, and is engaged to Major Christopher Peto, 9th Lancers, the second son of Sir Basil Peto, Bt., of Tavistock Court, near Barnstaple, North Devon, and 99, Eaton Sq., S.W.1

Hay Wrightson

Pam May

Is engaged to Lieut. James Brian Buckley, R.N.; she is the younger daughter of the well-known cricketer, Mr. P. R. May, and Mrs. May, of Dalkeith, Ceylon, and presently of Underwood, Forest Row, Sussex

Lafayette

Patricia Sanday

Is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Cecil Sanday, of 41, Evelyn Gardens, S.W.7, and is to marry Harold Moorhead Francis Carrington, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Carrington, of Hazlewood, Silverdale, Lancashire

Stewart Hamilton

Noreen Rose

Is the only daughter of the late Major L. St. Vincent Rose, R.E., and Mrs. Rose, of Hartford Bridge, Basingstoke, and is engaged to Arthur Harold Bligh Harbord, third son of Brig.-General C. R. Harbord, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Harbord, of 114, Queen's Gate, S.W.7

Bassano

Victoria Driver

Is engaged to Arthur Neville Bray, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn Bray, of South End, Ockham, Surrey; she is the adopted daughter of Miss Driver, of Birtle House, Bramley, Surrey

Lenare

Rowena Atkinson

Is the younger daughter of the late the Hon. Mr. Justice Atkinson who was for long a distinguished figure in legal circles, and the Hon. Mrs. Atkinson, of Hollybrook, Folkestone; she is engaged to Cecil Caradoc Caris-Wilson

Devitt — Swan

Peter Kenneth Devitt, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Howson Devitt, of Longspring Wood, Sevenoaks, and Stephanie Swan, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Swan, of Bromley Grange, Stocksfield, were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Doyle — Doyle

Barry Doyle, son of Captain and Mrs. J. J. Doyle, of Faulkner Square, Liverpool, and Mary Doyle being congratulated by the Archbishop of Liverpool, who married them at St. Mary's Church, Woolton, Liverpool. The bride is the daughter of Mr. C. J. Doyle

Black — Pereira

Ian Stuart Black, only son of Major A. A. Stuart Black, of Ven, Sherborne, Dorset, and of Mrs. Hersey Black, of Cray, Shandon, Scotland, and Margaret Pereira, eldest daughter of Major-General Sir Cecil and Lady Pereira, of Caversham Place, Emmer Green, Reading, were married at the Oratory, Brompton

...in — Harvey

Maurice ... son of the late Rev. F. ..., and of Mrs. Dobbin, of St. ...'s Road, Co. Dublin, and Ione Harvey, daughter of the Bishop ... Raphoe, and of Mrs. Harvey; they were married by the bride's father in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin

Hampton — Arnatt

John George Hampton, elder son of the late Mr. C. L. Hampton, and of Mrs. Hampton, of Broomhayes, St. George's Hill, Weybridge, and Phyllis Marion Arnatt, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Arnatt, of The Larches, East Dean, Eastbourne, were married at All Souls', Langham Place

Usher — Wilkinson

Dudley George Usher, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. George Usher, of Edinburgh, and Antonia Mary Wilkinson were married at the Grand Priory Church, Clerkenwell. The bride is the elder daughter of Major-Gen. Sir Percival Wilkinson, Secretary-General to the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and of Lady Wilkinson

Wilson — Fitzgerald

...onald Paterson Wilson, son of Dr. ...d Mrs. J. Cowan Wilson, of Bloxham, ...anarkshire, and Frances Fitzgerald, ...ughter of the late Inspector-General ... Fitzgerald, and of Mrs. Fitzgerald, ... Queen Alexandra's Court, S.W.10, ...re married in Westminster Cathedral

MacDougall — Howard

Colin Lorne MacDougall, son of Mr. C. MacDougall, of London and Isle of Luing, Firm, and Dora Howard, daughter of the late Mr. W. F. Howard, and of Mrs. Marion Wardle, of St. John's Wood, N.W.8, were married at Christ Church, Down Street

Hale — Wortley-George

Francis Lydall Shuttleworth Hale, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. James Hale, of Putney, Surrey, and Barbara Isabella Wortley Wortley-George, the elder daughter of Major-General and Mrs. H. Wortley-George, were married at St. Clement Danes's, Strand

What's On

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

September 25—October 1

THE THEATRE

Plays

ACCENT ON YOUTH.—A witty original comedy with an old story but a new treatment; Nicholas Hannen as a middle-aged playwright and Greer Garson as his young secretary are excellent; so is the whole cast: Globe. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CLOSE QUARTERS.—Fine acting by Flora Robson and Oscar Homolka in this two-charactered drama with a murder foundation: Savoy, 8.45. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

CLOSING AT SUNRISE.—The setting is a coffee-stall; the cast includes Shirley Houston, Mark Daly, Anthony Ireland, Joan Marion: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Someone 's got to give way in every marriage—Diana Churchill and Richard Bird can't decide who; easy, relevant dialogue and incident make an amusing evening: Aldwych, 8 30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

IMMORTAL GARDEN.—A revival of H. C. G. Stevens's play about the next world, with C. V. France, Peggy Simpson, Yoland Terrell, John Y. Smart: Playhouse, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Carol Coombe is still the delightful heroine of this theatrical gem from China, with Clifford Bartlett as the hero: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NINA.—Versatile acting by Lucie Mannheim in a double part as a film star and her understudy; Cecil Parker and Hugh Miller are also in Bruno Frank's amusing comedy: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

NOAH.—A great impersonation of Noah by John Gielgud; Marjorie Fielding as Mrs. Noah; this English version of Obey's drama has much of the profundity, humour and poetry of the original: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

PEER GYNT.—Vivienne Bennett, Ion Swinley, William Devlin, and the rest of the Old Vic company are in this production of Ibsen's play, with Grieg's music: Old Vic, 7.45 (except Mon.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SWEET ALOES.—Diana Wynyard's fine acting as the wronged heroine of Jay Mallory's play must be seen again: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—First-class theatrical value as to story and dialogue, and a fine cast headed by Eugénie Leontovich and Cedric Hardwicke: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE UNGUARDED HOUR.—Strong legal drama attacking dangers of circumstantial evidence. Fine performances by Godfrey Tearle and Malcolm Keen: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Mackenzie Ward in Robert Harris's part as the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the heroine: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

With Music

ANYTHING GOES.—You 'll like Cole Porter's music, Jeanne Aubert's shining effectiveness, Sydney Howard's fooling, and the whole speedy, decorative, amusing show: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLAMOROUS NIGHT.—Not for the critical sophisticate, but it 's got everything a full-size Ruritanian musical comedy can have, including Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PLEASE, TEACHER!—Musical comedy with a girls' school setting; Sepha Treble is a girl, Bobbie Howes an intruding young man, and Vera Pearce and Bertha Belmore are in it: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30

REVUDEVILLE No. 65.—Meggie Eaton and Doris Barry, soubrettes; Eddie Kelland sings and dances, Eric Woodburn sings, and Eric Barker and Milne and West do funny stuff: Windmill, 1.20-11.30, non-stop.

THE RIVALS.—A musical version of Sheridan's comedy, with Winifred Campbell, Elsie French, Frederick Ranalow, Bruce Carfax in it: Embassy, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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STOP . . . GO!—Charlot's new lucky dip, with Dorothy Ward, Douglas Byng, Mary Brian, and some good chorus ensembles as the best dips: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Sat., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; and the cast obviously enjoys themselves: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TULIP TIME.—Twice nightly comedy with music. George Gee, Steve Geray, Jean Colin, and Sydney Fairbrother in unsophisticated humour and colourful scenes: Alhambra, 6.15 and 9. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

FULL HOUSE.—Ivor Novello's farcical comedy makes some people laugh; Lilian Braithwaite carries off a foolish part with her customary brilliance: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Don't go if you 're nervous—Emlyn Williams acts the young murderer too well; there 's humour as well as horror in this excellent play: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ROUND ABOUT REGENT STREET.—A new nonsense in Crazy Month style, with Nervo and Knox, Naughton and Gold, Flanagan and Allen, and a good variety programme: Palladium, 6.30, 9. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a lowbrow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neil are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—It 's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova, and Joan Maude as wives past, present, to come: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks has revived this comedy; Julia Neilson and Ursula Jeans are in it, too: Victoria Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

THE APPLE CART.—Third play of the Macdona Players' Shaw season, with Esmé Percy and Oriel Ross: Cambridge, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE SOLDIER'S FORTUNE.—Another Restoration comedy—by Otway—with Balliol Holloway, Athene Seyler, Lesley Wareing, Huntley Wright: Ambassadors, October 1st.

CINEMAS

CHINA SEAS.—Clark Gable, Wallace Beery, and Jean Harlow are a grand team in this Eastern melodrama—lots of rough stuff and stormy weather: Empire.

THE CROUCHING BEAST.—That fine actor, Fritz Kortner, is in this film of Valentine Williams' thriller, with Wynne Gibson: London Pavilion.

THE CRUSADES.—Spectacularly superb, historically absurd; this de Mille production is good screen value, and Herbert Wilcoxon, Loretta Young, Ian Keith, and Katherine de Mille all look their parts: Carlton.

THE DARK ANGEL.—The actors are Fredric March, Merle Oberon, Herbert Marshall; the story is straightforward, with an English setting: Leicester Square, from to-morrow.

JAZZ COMEDY.—A modern Russian comic, with lots of broad fun and no propaganda, directed by Alexandrov: Academy, from September 27th.

MUSIC IN THE BLOOD.—A German musical, with the tenor, Leo Slezak, Hanna Waag, and Elsa Wagner as stars: Curzon.

ON WINGS OF SONG.—Grace Moore's second film has lots of singing, some story and good acting; Leo Carrillo, Robert Allen and Michael Bartlett, the tenor, are her three squires: Tivoli.

STORMY WEATHER.—Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn are together again, with Yvonne Arnaud; the story is Ben Travers's: New Gallery.

SWEET MUSIC.—A new musical, with Rudy Vallee as star, plus Ann Dvorak, Robert Armstrong: Regal.

THE THIRTY-NINE STEPS.—This Buchan-Hitchcock thriller is back in the West End; it 's good and so are Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll: Capitol.

TWO FOR TO-NIGHT.—New fare for the Bing Crosby fans—sentiment and singing: Plaza.

OPERA

GRAND OPERA FESTIVAL.—With Sir Thomas Beecham as artistic director and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, at Covent Garden, to October 5th.

IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA: to-night, 8.15.

DER FREISCHUTZ (Weber) in English: September 26th, 8.30.

KOANGA (Delius): September 27th, 8.30.

DER FREISCHUTZ: September 28th, 2.30.

LA BOHÈME: September 28th, 8.30.

UN BALLO DI MASCHERA (Verdi): September 30th, 8.

IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA: October 1st, 8.15.

SADLER'S WELLS:

BORIS GODUNOF (Mussorgsky).—The first English production of the original version opens the opera season here; Laurence Collingwood conducts: September 30th, 7.45.

BALLET

SADLER'S WELLS:

THE VIC-WELLS COMPANY includes Pearl Argyle, Margot Fonteyn, Elizabeth Miller, Beatrice Appleyard, Robert Helpman, Harold Turner.

LES RENDEZVOUS, CARNAVAL, THE RAKE'S PROGRESS: September 27th, 8.30.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS, CARNAVAL, CASSE NOISETTE, Act III.: September 28th, 8.30.

LES RENDEZVOUS, RIO GRANDE, LES SYLPHIDES: October 1st, 8.30.

BALLETS JOOSS.—The new repertoire includes THE GREEN TABLE, THE MIRROR, THE BIG CITY, THE PRODIGAL SON, etc.: Gaiety, from September 30th.

BALLETS DE LÉON WOIZIKOVSKY.—The repertoire includes SYLPHIDES, PETROUCHKA, CARNAVAL, PRINCE IGOR, L'AMOUR SORCIER; the dancers, besides Woizikovsky, include Tarakanova, Chanova, Blinova, Egleva-sky: Coliseum, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CONCERTS

Orchestral

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducting the B.B.C. Orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8.

TO-NIGHT: Bach-Handel Concert includes Bach's Brandenburg Concertos No. 4 in G for Violin, Flutes and Strings, and No. 3 in G for Strings, and Piano Concerto No. 5 (Irene Kohler).

SEPTEMBER 26TH: Sibelius concert—Symphony No. 1 and Violin Concerto in D minor (Arthur Catterall) are included.

SEPTEMBER 27TH: Beethoven concert, including Symphony No. 8, and Piano Concerto No. 1 (Lamond).

SEPTEMBER 28TH: Saturday programme; Haydn's 'Cello Concerto in D (Piatigorsky), plus Purcell, Handel, Ravel, de Falla, Ireland.

SEPTEMBER 30TH: Wagner concert, with Margery Booth, Walter Widdop, and John Brownlee as soloists.

OCTOBER 1ST: Warlock's Capriol Suite, Vaughan Williams's Pastoral Symphony, Lamond plays the Schubert-Liszt Wanderer Fantasia.

Recitals

MANHATTAN STRING QUARTET.—First English appearance; Beethoven, Haydn, Hindemith programme: Wigmore Hall, September 26th, 8.30.

RICHARD TAUBER: Albert Hall, September 29th, 3.

(Continued on page vi)

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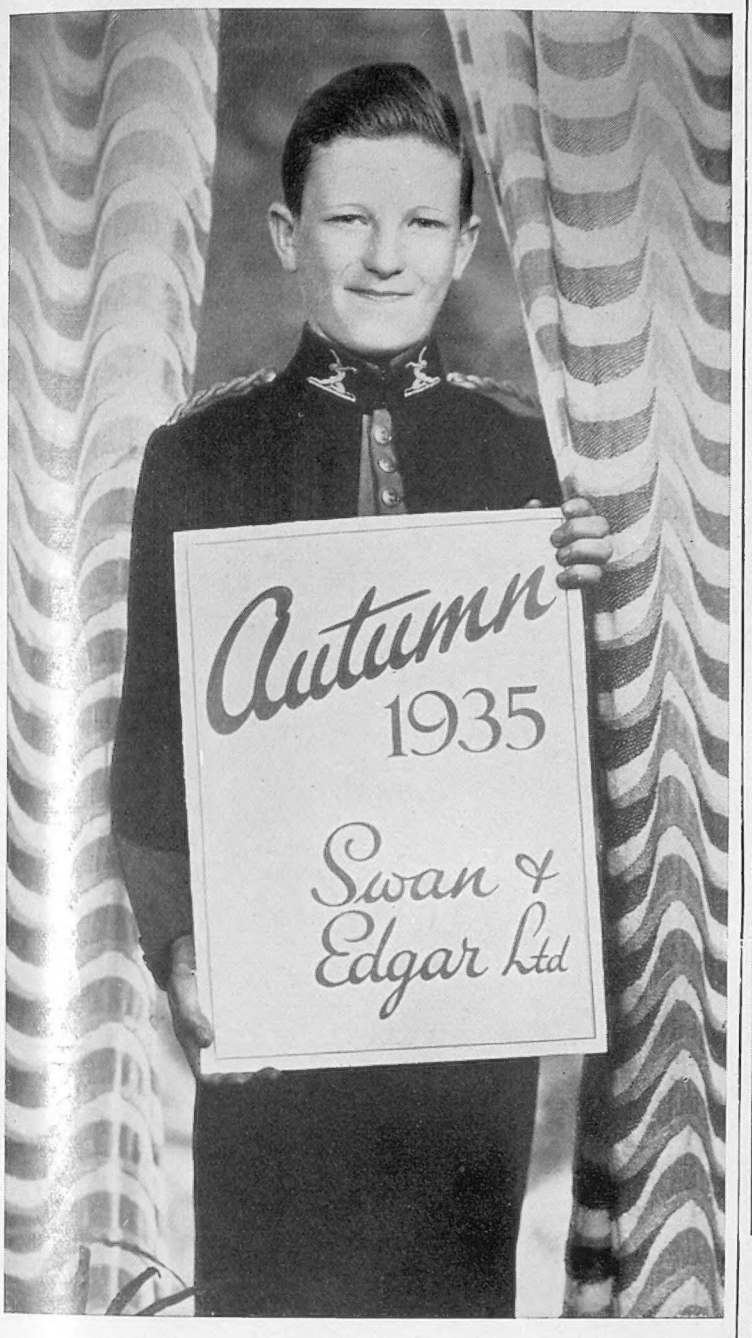

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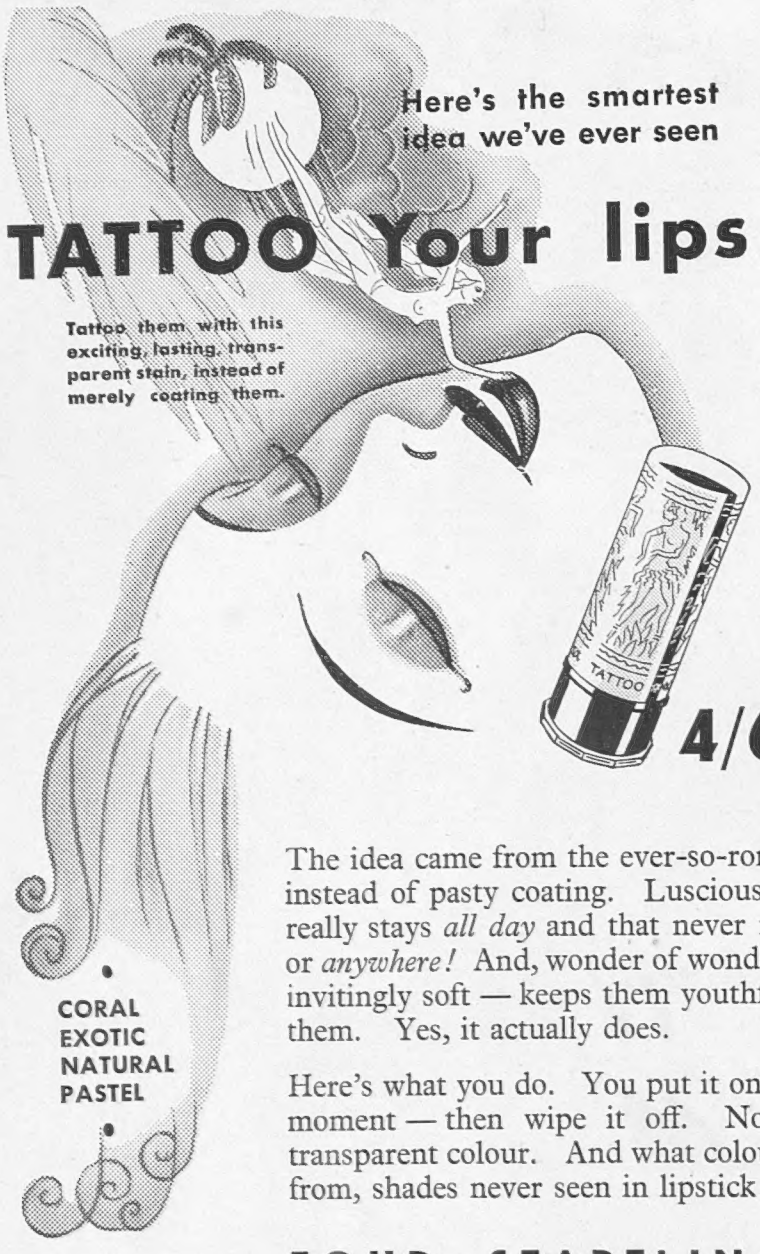

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